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LYRIC SELECTIONS

***PRESCRIBED FOR THE MATRICULATION
EXAMINATION OF THE BOMBAY,
UNIVERSITY.***

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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PREFACE

This selection of poems has been issued by the Syndicate of the University of Bombay for study by candidates for the Bombay Matriculation Examination.* The Syndicate has merely published a list of poems by various authors, the poems being identified by their first lines. It has not prescribed any particular text of each poem, and has not prescribed or recommended any particular edition. As it would be inconvenient, perhaps impossible, for many teachers and most pupils to obtain a satisfactory text of all the prescribed poems, it has seemed very desirable to supply a good text of all the poems in one volume. To this text the Editor has added such introduction and explanations as seemed to him *necessary* for Indian schoolboys. But it should be understood that the University of Bombay is responsible only for the list of selected poems and that the responsibility for the wording of the text and for introduction and notes rests with the Editor and his publishers.

* All are prescribed in Compulsory English for the Matriculation Examination of 1913 except Nos. 2, 10, 17, 21, 22.

The Editor has tried to avoid overloading the poetry with notes and to lay more stress on the form and thought of the poems than on words, phrases, allusions and facts. It seems to him that students require to have their attention directed mainly to the way in which a poem expresses a thought or emotion and illustrates the nature and forms of poetry. Simple books on the nature of poetry suitable for Indian schoolboys are hard to find. Those which the Editor has found most suggestive are more suitable for teachers than Indian pupils. For the benefit of the former they are named here:

Painter. *Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism* (Ginn & Co.)

Gummere. *Handbook of Poetics* (Ginn & Co.)

Gayley and Young. *English Poetry. Its Principles and Progress.* (The Macmillan Company).

Alden. *An Introduction to Poetry* (G. Bell & Sons).

Saintsbury. *Historical Manual of English Prosody* (Macmillan).

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INTRODUCTION

I. LYRIC POETRY

“Poetry,” said Wordsworth, “is the image of man and nature.” To make this statement a more adequate account of poetry we must add that only those things in man and nature which are of enduring interest to all are imaged in true poetry : that the appearance which these things present to the poet is influenced, or coloured as it were, by his emotions : that the instruments by which he makes the image are chiefly his imagination and fancy : and that the material out of which the image is made is a carefully chosen, rhythmical, and metrical language.

It must not be supposed from this account of poetry that it is a purely artificial product of advanced civilisation. It is a perfectly natural method of expressing human experiences, feelings and thoughts and a method that is not merely as old as speech itself but older than the method of expression by formal prose. All that is known of the history of literature in every nation and all fables and traditions point to poetry being of the greatest antiquity.

The earliest poetry of which we know is connected with religious ceremonies and with music and with dancing. This is suggestive of the nature of

the thoughts, emotions and instincts that found and still find expression in poetry. Religion springs from the intuition that there exist mysterious beings or forces of greater power and beauty, goodness or wickedness, than man. Dancing arises from the instinct to express feeling by rhythmical movement of the body and limbs. Music gives expression or satisfaction to human feeling by means of a rhythmical combination of sounds. The love of rhythm seems an instinct in man. Perhaps when he wishes to give physical expression to his feelings he naturally adapts his movements and his voice to the beating of his own heart, and steps or speaks with the measured repetition of his own pulse; for rhythm, whether in words or in the dance, is at bottom an ordered repetition of the same condition or series of conditions. The association of poetry with religion, music and dancing, then, suggests that poetry is a method of expressing feeling, not merely, nor in chief, physical feeling and human passion, but more especially the feeling, intuition or instinct for the Divine, that is, for the power, beauty, and goodness mysteriously present in the world and acting on human life. And it further suggests that this feeling naturally finds rhythmical expression. Thus it appears that it is the function or business of poetry to give rhythmical expression to the emotions excited by the objects in nature or the actions of men when these are looked at in connection with the greatest

and most divine forces of the Universe. The poet sees in the actions of men something of the powers of God, and sings of them as heroes. Human life is a tragedy or a comedy to him according as it resists or reconciles itself with the order of the Universe and the Divine will. The heavens are a sublime harmony of movement : the tree or flower an embodiment of Divine beauty, colour and form. The Poet is, as Carlyle called him, a prophet and a seer, a beholder of ideals, the presence of which his feelings, not his reason reveals. He sees the world in a holy atmosphere, in the light of Eternity,

The light that never was on sea or land

The consecration and the poet's dream,

as Wordsworth describes it. The same poet's description of a beautiful sunset will illustrate how the poet's vision ennobles and idealises the facts of nature :

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,

The holy time is quiet as a Nun

Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun

Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;

The gentleness of Heaven broods o'er the Sea—

Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,

And doth with his eternal motion make

A sound like thunder—everlastingly. (Miscellaneous Sonnets, XXX)

The earliest form of poetry was probably a rude hymn sung by a chorus with dance and music at a religious or social ceremony. Then, as legend and

myth accumulated, the hymn became sometimes a continuous song chanted or recited by a single person, without dance, narrating the deeds of the God or of some hero to whom Divine powers were attributed. Thus began two forms of poetry, the song and the narrative poem. The song directly expressed the respect, dread or gratitude of the worshipper for the God, or the joy of the tribe in some common occupation like hunting or fighting, and was sung, by chorus or individual, to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument, the lyre; hence this kind of poem was called *Lyric*. The narrative poem described the deeds of the God or hero and his tribe as coloured by the emotions of the poet, and was merely chanted or recited; hence this form of poem was called *Epic*, from a Greek word *Epos* meaning a saying or narration. Later a third kind of poetry grew up when the various members of the chorus took to accompanying their song and dance with acting. The action and the words were gradually separated from the music and the dance, and the members of the chorus by degrees came to deliver their words separately, either singly, or in dialogue, or in conversation. Thus grew up *Drama* (from a Greek word meaning action), the poetry which images or represents man and nature not merely through words but through gesture and movement. These three kinds of poetry, *Lyric*, *Epic* and *Dramatic*, therefore, differ primarily in that the first images the world through passionate words

accompanied, or capable of being accompanied by music : the second through a narrative or description of action, rhythmical but not musical : the third represents man and nature through words and actions directly presented to the ear and eye. But there is a second important difference. Lyric poetry directly expresses the emotion, thought, passion and inspiration of the poet himself, or of those on whose behalf he speaks. In Epic poetry the poet keeps his personal feelings quite out of sight and expresses the emotions of others by describing them as involved in some important series of national events. In Dramatic poetry the poet suppresses his personal feelings as in Epic, but he allows his characters to represent their own, and indirectly his own, feelings in their words and actions, as the Lyric does : each character is a Lyric poet, as it were.

The distinction between the three kinds of poetry is not, however, absolutely fixed. For Lyric, Epic and Drama shade off into each other and there are Lyric poems which partake of the nature of both Epic and Drama. Nevertheless the essential qualities of Lyric poetry may be defined. A Lyric poem is one (1) that is, or can be supposed to be, capable of being sung to music ; (2) that is expressive of the thought or feeling of the poet himself, or of some scene, action or character as interpreted by the poet's own mind ; (3) that is comparatively short and is the expression of a single emotion or idea which gives it

unity ; (4) that is concentrated, intense, impassioned, in its purest form a spontaneous overflow of emotion.

A classification of Lyric that would leave no doubt to what class a particular poem belonged is impossible, for Lyrics are distinguished by both matter and form, and the variety of thought and metre to be found is infinite. A classification by metre is too technical. Prof. Gummere's classification according to the mood and feeling of the poet has the merit of being simple, though it does not go far. For poems are often suggestive of more than one emotion, and the emotion is capable of infinite degrees of strength. Prof. Gummere points out that while any feeling may supply a lyrical theme to a poet, all our feelings are susceptible of three moods or degrees : they may be simple, intense and enthusiastic, or reflective.

The simple emotion finds expression in the Song, the enthusiastic in the Ode, the reflective in a third form which has no distinctive name. Thus if the poet seeks to give simple expression to passionate love, we may have a song like Burns' 'O my love's like a red, red rose'; a more exalted mood of love gave birth to Spenser's marriage Odes ; and love in the more reflective Wordsworth gave rise to 'She was a phantom of delight.' The feelings capable of expression in lyric are very numerous. There are those which the poet may share with his fellows, social emotions, in expressing which he would be singing not only for himself but for others also. Such are the love of country, the love of God, the

love of companionship or conviviality, and these might give rise, respectively, to the national song (Burns' 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled', or Collins' Ode, 'How sleep the Brave'); the hymn (Addison's 'How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord!'); or the drinking song; or 'Society Verse.' There is a still greater number of emotions which affect the poet himself, his own affection for parents, mistress, wife or children, his grief for lost friends, his feeling for the beauty and majesty of nature. But these emotions too, though personal and individual, are yet such as others can feel and sympathise with, and the lyric poet in giving them expression aims not merely at relieving the tension of his own feelings and tranquillising his own spirit but at winning sympathy and representing the sentiment of a human heart in a particular situation. Well known examples of such personal lyrics are Cowper's *Castaway* and his poems *To Mary Unwin*; Tennyson's *In Memoriam*; Shelley's *To the Night* and *To the Skylark*.

The selection of poems in this book will not illustrate all the moods or emotional themes of the lyric poet. But an attempt to classify them in the way just described may make clearer the varying kinds of lyric poetry, and the impossibility of exactly distinguishing narrative and lyric poetry.

The purest and simplest form of Lyric is the song, which may be described, following Mr. Gosse, as a short poem in a regular recurring rhythm, express-

ing with the utmost conciseness a single intense personal or representative emotion, which it pours forth without deviation almost at a breath. Cunningham's 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' expressing the sailor's love of the free life on the ocean wave is a good example. In the same class may be put Scott's *Lullaby*, Gay's 'All in the Downs' (true love), Wordsworth's 'She dwelt among the untrodden ways' (restrained grief), Kingsley's *Three Fishers* (woman and work), Tennyson's *The Poet's Song* (the Poet's outlook on life) Byron's *Sennacherib* (the triumph of God over the might of the unbeliever), Campbell's *Hohenlinden* (the blood-thirsty enthusiasm of battle). The last three illustrate the difficulty of classification. They are undoubtedly songs, yet all are narrative in form. But in reading them it is not the succession of events that engages attention. Each fact narrated is but an illustration of the emotion that prompted the song.

The Ode is a lyric of exalted feeling rising to a climax, of greater length and more complicated metre. There is no example of it in this selection.

The *Reflective Lyric* differs from the song in being less purely emotional, more intellectual, and therefore less spontaneous. The feelings of the poet are made matter of philosophy. No very good example occurs in this selection, but Pope's 'Happy the man whose wish and care' may be placed under this head. The pleasures of retirement in the country are made the ground of a philosophy of life.

The remaining poems illustrate how faint is the dividing line between lyric and narrative or dramatic poetry. Browning's 'You know we French stormed Ratisbon' combines qualities of all three kinds. It is lyrical in its form and in its theme, but dramatic in its treatment of the theme, while the actual incidents of the story are necessarily given in narrative form though by one of the poet's own creations, not by the poet himself. This poem may be called, therefore, a *Dramatic Lyric*. In the same class may be placed Campbell's *Soldier's Dream* and Wolfe's *Burial of Sir John Moore*. These have far less of the dramatic element in them, but in both a definite emotion is expressed by the narrative of a person, other than the poet, describing his own experience in an imagined situation. These poems might, however, be placed in the next class.

The poets Wordsworth and Coleridge invented the term *Lyrical Ballad* for a class of poem in which the feeling developed "gives importance to the action and the situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling;" in other words a poem which is narrative but whose interest lies not in the narrative, in the events described, but in the poet's own attitude to the events or in the feeling which he manifests about the characters involved in the acts. Such a poem combines the principles of both lyric and narrative poetry. It expresses the poet's own personality: and it tells a tale with the simplicity that we shall see characterises

that interesting form of narrative poetry, the ballad. The two best examples in this selection are Wordsworth's *Lucy Gray* and *We are Seven*. The first stanza of the latter proves its lyrical nature by stating what is the attitude of the poet to the facts. And the second title of the former, 'Solitude,' suggests the feeling aroused in the poet by the fate of Lucy—she is the product of the lonely wilds, at once the child and victim of nature. In the same class may be placed Campbell's *Parrot*, Cowper's *Dog and the Water Lily*, Southey's *Blenheim*, Whittier's *Barbara Frietchie*. All these are narrative but not mere stories in verse; they are expressions of a personal point of view. Here too, I think, should come Tennyson's *Victim*. It is narrative of a very graphic kind: its metre is the ballad verse with the refrain so common in ballads. But it has not enough of the ballad's simplicity of both form and thought to be classed as a ballad and the incidents related involve a problem of conduct and are clearly narrated not for the story but for the feeling which such a problem must arouse.

A *ballad* is a survival, or an imitation of the old songs of the people that narrated the deeds of a god or hero or of the tribe. It is a brief narrative poem to be recited or sung, whether composed by one or several poets is immaterial, because its authorship is quite unknown and because it expresses the common feelings of the people rather than of an individual. Hence it is usually purely narrative and not lyrical

in the real sense, free from direct expression of sentiment or direct attempt to teach a moral lesson, simple and straightforward in its language and thought even to the extent of crudeness. The subjects of ballads are derived from all the events which interested peoples in early times, especially deeds of bravery in battle, legends of supernatural events and beings, domestic incidents of tragic or comic nature, the exploits of warriors, the mysteries of fairyland, the adventures of lovers. Many ballads are of great antiquity and beauty. But in our selection we have only modern ballads. Southey's *Well of St. Keyne* is a deliberate imitation of the old ballad's language and humour. Two others of this selection I am inclined also to place here, Scott's *Lochinvar* and Campbell's *Lord Ullin's Daughter*. Both are narrative poems of an impersonal nature, arousing interest mainly in the situation described. They do not imitate the simplicity or antique forms of language of the ballad, but they are composed in the ballad spirit. The fact that *Lochinvar* is called a song does not affect the question, for ballads were intended to be sung.

Lastly, there are three poems in this selection which really lie wholly outside the domain of Lyric and purely within that of Epic. Gay's *Hare and many Friends* is a poetic fable, that is, a narrative poem designed to enforce a particular moral lesson. In this case the fable is also an allegory of the kind so

popular in early times both in the West and the East, a story of animals speaking and acting in the manner of human beings. There is an element of the fable also in Leigh Hunt's *Abou Ben Adhem*, which is a narrative story with a moral attached. Lowell's *Yussouf* is of exactly the same character, but derives its story from the incidents of Arab life instead of Jewish legend.

II.—METRE

1. *Rhythm and Metre.* Poetry is not merely an image of man and nature coloured by feeling or emotion: it is an image expressed in rhythmical and metrical language. By rhythmical language is meant language in which there is an ordered flow of sounds repeated at regular intervals, and by metrical language that in which the repetition of corresponding sounds and of corresponding groups of sounds is arranged at measured intervals. There is rhythm in the pulsation of the heart and in the beats of the foot in the dance; there is rhythm, in all music and all harmony. Metre therefore, which is an elaboration of rhythm, is not wholly an artifice or invention but the natural development in language of what human instinct discovers throughout the universe.

2. *Quantity and Accent.* Now the exact nature of the difference between the sounds which mark the beats in metrical language, and the sounds

which occur between the beats is hard to define. Some have said that it is a difference of *quantity*, i.e., of the length or shortness of time occupied in their pronunciation, and have called them *long* and *short* sounds. Others say it is a difference in the *force*, *stress*, or *accent* with which the sounds are uttered, and have called them *stressed* or *accented* and *unstressed* or *unaccented* sounds. It will simplify matters if only one set of names be adopted, *long* and *short* for preference. And it will avoid dispute if these names be accepted as indicating a difference which is easily recognisable to the ear but which may sometimes be a difference of the duration of time in pronunciation, sometimes a difference of accent, and sometimes both. For practical purposes the student will best consider these two different values of sounds as attaching to syllables as a whole, not to the vowels or consonants that make up the syllables. It is, however, usually the vowel sound which makes a syllable short or long though the consonants which follow a short vowel sound will sometimes cause it to become long. In fact the length or shortness of a syllable is seldom absolutely fixed. In a particular line a long-sounding (or accented) syllable may be short, and a short-sounding (or unaccented) syllable may be long for special reasons such as emphasis, or just because of its position in the line. Monosyllables (except the definite and indefinite articles,

which are generally short) are common or neutral, that is, can be made short or long in a given line at the will of the poet. As a general rule long syllables are accented syllables and this will help the student in determining quantity or accent. But as accent varies in degree and there are weakly accented syllables which differ but little from unaccented syllables this rule must be followed with caution.

3. *Symbols of Quantity.* For the sake of convenience it is usual to mark long syllables by printing —, and short syllables by printing ∪ over them, thus:— Ōn Līndēn wĕn thē sūn wās lōw. It will be observed that the two values of syllables here alternate regularly. But this is not always the case. In the lines:—

‘—Ūp frōm thē mēādōws rīch wīth cōrn”, and
 ‘Fēw ānd shōrt wēre thē prāyērs wē sād”,
 the shorts and longs do not flow alternately.

4. *Feet.* Now every line of English poetry consists of a certain number of groups of one, two or three long and short syllables. These groups are called *feet*, and *feet* differ according to the proportion and arrangement of long and short syllables in them. Each kind of foot has its own name derived from the metrical rules of the Greeks and Romans.

Feet are commonly distinguished by vertical lines at their beginning and end. Three kinds of feet occur most commonly in English poetry:—

(1) *The Iamb*, consisting of one short syllable followed by one long syllable. There are four iambs in the line :—

Ōn Līnd | ěn whĕn | thĕ sūn | wās lōw,

(2) *The Trochee*, consisting of one long syllable followed by one short syllable. The first foot of the following line is a trochee, the other are iambs:—

Clĕār ĩn | thĕ cōol | Sĕptĕm | bĕr mōrn,

(3) *The Anapæst*, consisting of two short syllables followed by one long syllable. The following line contains four anapæsts :—

Thĕ Āssȳr | iān cāme dōwn | lĭke thĕ
wōlf | ōn thĕ fōld,

(The 'i' in 'Assyrian' is pronounced as the consonant 'y' and the 'y' like the vowel 'i').

Other feet occur but seldom, and, of these, three only need be briefly mentioned. (4) *The Spondee*, consisting of two long syllables, as in moonshine. (5) *the Dactyl* (from a Greek word for the finger with its one long and two short joints), consisting of one long followed by two short syllables, as in Bārbārā and sĕntinĕl. (6) *The Amphibrach*, consisting of one long syllable between two short ones, as āmāzĭng.

The number of feet in a line may vary from one to six or eight, but the most common numbers are three, four, and five.

It seldom occurs that all the feet in a single line, still less in a series of lines, are of the same kind, for that would make the verse monotonous. The poet

may, and even must, substitute occasionally one kind for another, taking care, however, that firstly, the substituted foot is equivalent to that which it displaces, and secondly that he shall not do it so often as to leave it uncertain which kind of foot he intends to predominate. The foot most commonly used is the iamb. For this are frequently substituted the trochee and anapæst, but always so as to leave the line distinctly iambic. So, though the line be intended to be Trochaic or Anapæstic on the whole, the poet can interpose trochees or anapæsts with the other kinds of feet. On the skill with which this substitution is practised will largely depend the movement and the beauty of the line.

In a foot of a single syllable, that syllable is always long, because the length (or accent) is such as to compensate for there being only one, or because the syllable is followed by a marked pause which is equivalent to an omitted syllable. Sometimes there is either at the end or the beginning of the line one or even two extra syllables (*i.e.* a half-foot) which are additional to the normal number of feet. Sometimes there is half a foot less than the normal number. When the extra half-foot is at the beginning it serves as a kind of 'push-off', a start for the regular metre. These variations are somewhat perplexing, often making it difficult to decide whether a particular line is iambic or trochaic, anapæstic or dactylic as a whole. A practical rule

is to give the preference to the metre which characterises the poem as a whole or to the metre which is in most common use. And iambic and anapæstic metres are more common, respectively, than trochaic and dactylic. An example is supplied by Scott's *Young Lochinvar*.

The metre of this poem is undoubtedly anapæstic, with four feet, the first foot being deficient in one syllable :—

Ō, yōung | Lōchīnvār | is cōme ōut | ōf thē Wēst.

It would be possible, however, to describe this metre as dactylic with extra half-feet at either end.

Ō | yōung Lōchīn | vār is cōme | ōut ōf thē | Wēst.

So again with Kingsley's *Three Fishers*. The metre here I believe to be also anapæstic, with a syllable short at the beginning :—

Threē fish | ērs wēnt sāil | īng ōut īn | tō thē wēst,
but some people describe it as amphibrachic, thus :—

Threē fishērs | wēnt sāilling | ōut īn tō | thē wēst.

But when a common foot like the anapæst explains the metre there seems no advantage in bringing in an uncommon one.

5. *Pause*. An important element in metre is the *pause* or break in the line, often, though not necessarily, coinciding with a punctuation stop. It is not necessary that every line have a pause; and the pause may occur at any part of the line (save in the middle of a word). But it is necessary that a continuous series of lines have a number of pauses, and

that such pauses shall occur in a variety of places. For this variety is one of the means by which monotony is avoided and true harmony attained.

6. *Stanzas.* A series of lines arranged according to some definite scheme is called a stanza. Stanzas vary in the number of their lines, and in any stanza the lines may vary in the number and character of their feet; but there is usually some kind of order governing these points. The lines in a stanza, all or some, may or may not be linked to each other by rhyme, but, unless the paragraphs of blank verse can be called stanzas, unrhymed stanzas are not usual. Some kinds of stanzas are older and more common than others. In lyric poetry the variety of stanzas is very great: in this selection the following kinds appear:—

(1) *Ballad Verse.* This is a kind which derives its name from its use in the old ballads, wherein it assumes a very great variety of forms.

a. *Ballad Common Measure.* This is a stanza of four or more lines, the first and third containing four feet and usually rhyming with each other, the second and fourth containing three feet and nearly always rhyming with each other. Usually the feet are iambic but other kinds of feet are substituted for variety (*e.g.*, Nos. 2, 3, 12, 16, 22, and 24.). In No. 1 the feet are anapæstic. To this quatrain (stanza of four lines) is sometimes added a *refrain*

of one or more lines, recurring with alterations at the end of each stanza and often, though not always, repeating a thought in the manner of a chorus, *e.g.*, Southey's *Blenheim*. Sometimes the quatrain is doubled and becomes an octave (stanza of eight lines) *e.g.*, Nos. 11, 13 and 14.

b. *Ballad Long Measure*. This stanza differs from the Common Measure in that each of its four lines consists of four feet. It may be anapæstic as in Nos. 17 (Nos. 6 and 21 rhyme in couplets), or iambic with substitutions as in Nos. 20 and 23. Like Common Measure it may be prolonged by lines serving in some sort as a refrain, as in No. 9. In No. 20 it extends to an octave with a refrain, and in No. 23 the refrain consists of a five-foot couplet.

(2) *A quatrain* that varies from both these forms of ballad verse and consists of three four-foot lines followed by one of two feet is found in Nos. 7 and 19.

(3) *The four-foot rhymed couplet* is found in No. 10 where each couplet constitutes a separate stanza of two lines; in No. 25 where the couplets are not equivalent to stanzas but the sense and construction often runs on from one couplet to another, with but slight pause; and in No. 8 where it is grouped in stanzas of three couplets.

(4) *Five-foot rhymed couplets* with the sense and construction flowing from one couplet to another appear in No. 15.

(5) In No. 18 the stanza consists of a quatrain of five-foot lines rhymed alternately, followed by a five-foot rhymed couplet.

7. *Rhyme*. By rhyme, which is fairly regarded as an inevitable accompaniment of lyric poetry, is meant the repetition of the same quality of sound at the end of successive or neighbouring lines. Its purpose is to link lines together and to aid the rhythm by the repetition of sound. A good rhyme is one (1) in which the vowel sound is identical in both rhyming words (*e.g.*, *force* and *horse*), (2) in which the consonants following the rhyming vowel produce an identical effect on the ear, whatever the spelling (*e.g.*, *prize* and *eyes* : *price* and *eyes* is a bad rhyme), (3) in which the consonants before the rhyming vowel produce a different effect on the ear, whatever the spelling (*e.g.*, *absolute* and *pollute* are bad rhymes because wholly identical in the rhyming syllables). A resemblance of *vowel* sound only is called an *assonance* (*e.g.*, *floats* and *roams*), and this is not recognised as rhyme. *

Rhyme is generally limited to the last syllables of the rhyming words; when both the last and penultimate syllables rhyme, as in *The Burial of Sir John Moore* (*turning* and *burning*, *sorrow* and

* There is something like assonance in the similarity of the last words in the last line of each stanza of *Hohenlinden*; : scenery, revelry, artillery, chivalry.

morrow) it is called a double or feminine rhyme. Such rhymes, especially if extended to three or more syllables, perhaps because they exaggerate the repetition of sounds, have a tendency to make the rhythm sound ridiculous and therefore are far more common in humorous than in serious poetry.

Sometime a line will rhyme not only with another but with itself, as in Tennyson's *The Victim* and in *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, l. 45.

'For sore *dismayed*, through storm and *shade*'. Such 'internal' rhyme, as it is called, is not used very frequently because it tends to break up a line into two.

8. *Fingering*. Syllabic accent or quantity, foot division, line combination and rhyme, however, constitute but a part and the more formal part of the music of poetry. The most essential element in that music, and that which it is least possible to analyse and reduce to rule, is the melodious arrangement and combination of the endless variety of sounds that human speech is composed of. A mechanical adhesion to the rules of metre will not produce pleasurable poetry any more than a mechanically correct playing upon the piano will produce the best expression of the music. Each pianist or harpist has his own ways of touching the keys or strings of his instrument, little tricks of execution which are responsible for the character of his music. So each poet, guided by his own taste and ear, has his own

fingering, as Mr. Saintsbury calls it, of the various consonantal and more particularly vowel sounds of words. It is this combination and permutation of speech-sounds which supplies the melody as the metre supplies the rhythm of poetry, and herein lies the strongest evidence of the poet's genius.

LYRIC SELECTIONS

1

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ; 10
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead, 15
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow, [his head,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done 25
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ; 30
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE

2

THE LOST LOVE

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone 5
 Half-hidden from the eye !
 —Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ; 10
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

W. WORDSWORTH

3

LUCY GRAY

OfT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.
No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ; 5
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !
You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ; 10
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.
“ To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light 15
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father! will I gladly do :
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!” 20

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe : 25
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ; 30
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight 35
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door. 40

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet ;”
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge 45

They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :

The marks were still the same ; 50
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank

Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ; 55
And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day

She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild. 60

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,

And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

W. WORDSWORTH

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight 5
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his battle-blade 10
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of heaven 15
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave 25
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet, 30
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. CAMPBELL

5

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
'And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green 5
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ; 10
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head, 15
And, with a natural sigh,
' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
' Who fell in the great victory.'

' I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ; 20
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,' said he,
' Were slain in that great victory.'

' Now tell us what 'twas all about, ' 25
Young Peterkin, he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
' Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for. ' 30

' It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
' Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,' quoth he, 35
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;

So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

‘ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then, 45
And new-born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

‘ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ; 50
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

‘ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won, 55
And our good Prince Eugene.’
‘ Why ’twas a very wicked thing !
Said little Wilhelmine.

‘ Nay. . . . nay. . . . my little girl,’ quoth he,
‘ It was a famous victory.’ 60

‘ And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.’
‘ But what good came of it at last ?’
Quoth little Peterkin.

‘ Why, that I cannot tell,’ said he 65
‘ But ’twas a famous victory.’

6

THE DESTRUCTION OF
SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green, 5
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ; 10
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still !

And then lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride,
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, 15
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail :
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON

7

THE QUIET LIFE

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away, 10
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mixed ; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please 15
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. 20

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up, 25
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
‘ Now tread we a measure ! ’ said young Lochinvar. 30

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, ‘ ’Twere better by
far 35
To have matched our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung ! 40
‘ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,’ quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the
Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran :

There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee, 45
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar ?

SIR W. SCOTT

9

THREE FISHERS

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town ; 5

For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower, 10
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
brown ;

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands, 15
In the morning gleam, as the tide goes down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands'
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, 20
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

C. KINGSLEY

10

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep, 5
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall; 10
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun 15
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Babara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ; 20

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right 25
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

‘ Halt ! ’—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
‘ Fire ! ’—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash. 30

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

‘ Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, 35
But spare your country’s flag,’ she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word; 40

'Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on !' he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long that free flag tossed 45
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night. 50

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, 55
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town ! 60

J. G. WHITTIER

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys, 5
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ; 10
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home, 15
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud ; 20
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM

12

WE ARE SEVEN

—A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl: 5
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad : 10
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ? '
' How many ? Seven in all,' she said, 15
And wondering looked at me.

' And where are they ? I pray you tell. '
She answered, ' Seven are we ;
' And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea. 20

' Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother. '

Till God released her of her pain ;

And then she went away.

‘So in the church-yard she was laid ;

And, when the grass was dry,

Together round her grave we played,

55

My brother John and I.

‘And when the ground was white with snow,

And I could run and slide,

My brother John was forced to go,

And he lies by her side.'

60

‘How many are you, then,’ said I,

‘If they two are in heaven?’

Quick was the little maid's reply,

‘O Master! we are seven.’

‘ But they are dead ; those two are dead !

65

'Their spirits are in heaven!'

'Twas throwing words away; for still

The little maid would have her will,

And said, 'Nay, ~~w~~e are seven!'

W. WORDSWORTH

THE POET'S SONG

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place, 5
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipped under a spray, 10
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many
songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be 15
When the years have died away.'

LORD TENNYSON

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH
CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day ;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

5

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, ‘ My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,

10

Let once my army-leader Lannes

Waver at yonder wall,—

Out ’twixt the battery-smokes there flew

A rider, bound on bound

Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew

15

Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,

And held himself erect

By just his horse’s main, a boy :

You hardly could suspect—

20

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,

Scarce any blood came through)

You looked twice ere you saw his breast

Was all but shot in two.

- 'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace 25
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire, 30
 Perched him !' The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.
- The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye 35
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 ' You're wounded ! ' ' Nay,' his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 I'm killed, Sire !' And his Chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead. 40

R. BROWNING

ABOU BEN ADHEM

'Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 'Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 'And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold. 5
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, 'The names of those who love the
Lord,' 10

'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night 15
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

J. H. LEIGH HUNT

16

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY

The noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wandered on his side.

- My spaniel, prettiest of his race, 5
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs, adorned with every grace,
That spaniel found for me)
- Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight 10
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.
- It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed ; 15
And one I wished my own.
- With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand. 20
- Beau* marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.
- But with a chirrup clear and strong, 25
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.
- My ramble finished, I returned,
Beau trotting far before 30
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped 35
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, 'The world,' I cried,
'Shall hear of this thy deed,
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed ; 40

'But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.'

W. COWPER

17

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw, 5
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw ;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array

Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ; 10

'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way

To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft, 15

And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore

From my home and my weeping friends never to
part ;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,

And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of
heart. 20

'Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and
worn !'—

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL

YUSSOUF

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, ' Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food, 5
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes the Good.'

‘ This tent is mine ;’ said Yussouf, ‘ but no more
Than it is God’s ; come in, and be at peace ;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His who buildeth over these 10
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay.’

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said : ‘ Here is gold ;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight ; 15
Depart before the prying day grows bold.’
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand
Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling low 20
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing, ' O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;
I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son ! '

'Take thrice the gold,' said Yussouf; 'for with thee 25

Into the desert, never to return,

My one black thought shall ride away from me.

First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,

Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;

Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace !' 30

J. R. LOWELL

19

THE PARROT

The deep affections of the breast

That Heaven to living things imparts

Are not exclusively possessed

By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish Main, 5

Full young and early caged, came o'er

With bright wings to the bleak domain

Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won

His plumage of resplendent hue, 10

His native fruits and skies and sun,

He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,

A heathery land and misty sky,

And turned on rocks and raging surf 15

His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day ;
Until with age from green and gold
His wings grew gray. 20.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech ; 25
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down, and died.

T. CAMPBELL

20

THE VICTIM

A plague upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe ;
So thick they died the people cried, 5
' The Gods are moved against the land. '
The Priest in horror about his altar,
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.

- ‘ Help us from famine
And plague and strife! 10
What would you have of us ?
Human life ?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, oh, answer) 15
We give you his life. ’
- But still the foeman spoiled and burned,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turned
And whitened all the rolling flood ; 20
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame :
And ever and ay the Priesthood moaned
Till at last it seemed that an answer came :
The King is happy 25
In child and wife ;
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life. ’
- The Priest went out by heath and hill 30
The King was hunting in the wild ;
They found the mother sitting still ;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased, 35
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seemed a victim due to the priest.

The Priest exulted,
And cried with joy,
‘ Here is his nearest, 40
Here is his dearest,
We take the boy!’

The King returned from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said, ‘ They have taken the child, 45
To spill his blood and heal the land :
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea :
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me. 50
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your nearest ?
Is *he* your dearest ?
(Answer, oh, answer) 55
Or I, the wife?’

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stayed his arms upon his knee:
‘ O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me.’ 60
The King was shaken with holy fear ;
‘ The Gods,’ he said, ‘ would have chosen well ;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!’

But the Priest was happy, 65
His victim won,
' We have his nearest,
We have his dearest,
His only son !'

The rites prepared, the victim bared, 70
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
' Me, me, not him, my darling, no !'
He caught her away with a sudden cry ;
Suddenly from him brake the wife, 75
And shrieking ' I am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest !' rushed on the knife.

And the Priest was happy,
O Father Odin,
We give you a life. 80
Which was his nearest ?
Which was his dearest ?
'The Gods have answered :
We give them the wife !'

LORD TENNYSON

21

LULLABY OF AN INFANT
CHIEF

Oh hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright ;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which
we see,

They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee,
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo, 5
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo !

Oh fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed. 10
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo !

Oh hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you
may, 15
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ri, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ri, i ri ri, cadul gu lo !

SIR W. SCOTT

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

- A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, ' Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'
- ' Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle, 5
This dark and stormy water ? '
' Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.
- ' And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together, 10
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.
- ' His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride 15
When they have slain her lover ? '
- Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
' I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady. 20
- ' And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry. '

By this the storm grew loud apace, 25
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
• Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer, 30
Adown the glen rode arméd men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

‘ Oh haste thee, haste ! ’ the lady cries,
‘ Though tempests round us gather ;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies, 35
But not an angry father.’

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o’er her. 40

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade 45
His child he did discover :—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid
And one was round her lover.

‘Come back ! come back !’ he cried in grief
Across the stormy water : 50
‘And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !— O my daughter !’
‘Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o’er his child, 55
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL

23

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard ;
‘Oh ! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true 5
If my sweet William sails among the crew.’
William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sighed, and cast his eyes below : 10
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear, 15
And drops at once into her nest :—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ; 20
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen say 25
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go. 30

'If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view 35
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return. 40
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.
The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard ; 45
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land ;
'Adieu !' she cries, and waved her lily hand.

J. GAY

24

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.
An oak and an elm-tree stand beside, 5
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne ;
Joyfully he drew nigh, 10
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.
He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank, 15
Under the willow-tree.
There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail ;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail. 20
' Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ? ' quoth he,
' For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.
Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast, 25
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne. '
' I have left a good woman who never was here, '
The stranger, he made reply. 30
' But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why ?
' St. Keyne, ' quoth the Cornish-man, ' many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her, 35
She laid on the water a spell.

- ‘ If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life, 40
- ‘ But if the wife should drink of it first—
God help the husband then !’
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.
- ‘ You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes? ’ 45
He to the Cornish-man said :
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake
And sheepishly shook his head.
- ‘ I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ; 50
But i’ faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church. ’

R. SOUTHEY

25

THE HARE AND MANY
FRIENDS

A hare, who in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.

Her care was never to offend. 5

And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies. 10

She starts, she stops, she pants from breath ;

She hears the near advance of death ;

She doubles to mislead the hound,

And measures back her mazy round ;
Till fainting in the public way, 15

Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,

When first the horse appeared in view !

' Let me ', says she, ' your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend. 20

You know my feet betray my flight ;

To friendship every burden's light.'

The horse replied—' Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus ;
Be comforted, relief is near, 25

For all your friends are in the rear,'

She next the stately bull implored ;
And thus replied the mighty lord—

' Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well, 30

I may, without offence, pretend

To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow

Expects me near you barley-mow :
And when a lady's in the case, 35
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind :
But see, the goat is just behind.'

The goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye ; 40
'My back,' says he, 'may do you harm :
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm :'

The sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained :
Said he was slow, confessed his fears ; 45
For hounds eat sheep, as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed,
'Shall I,' says he, 'of tender age,
In this important care engage ? 50
Older and abler passed you by ;
How strong are those ! How weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart, 55
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu !
For see, the hounds are just in view.'

J. GAY

NOTES

1. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

C. Wolfe. Charles Wolfe, Irish priest and poet, was born in 1791 and died in 1823. This poem, the only one for which Wolfe is still remembered, was written in 1816. His claim to the authorship was disputed but is now proved.

Sir John Moore was the general in command of the English army which in 1808 was assisting Portugal and Spain in their resistance of Napoleon's attempts to conquer the Peninsular. Moore had marched out of Portugal into Spain to the assistance of the Spaniards. Finding that Napoleon's forces had overwhelmed the Spaniards and that his own army was not of sufficient strength to oppose Napoleon's, Moore conducted a skilful retreat towards the town of Corunna in the north-west of Spain. While waiting at that port for the ships which were to transport his troops by sea, he was attacked by the French under Soult, January 16, 1809. The French were repulsed and the English army safely embarked, but Moore was killed in the battle. By his own wish he was buried before dawn on the

ramparts of Corunna. Moore's conduct of the campaign and his merits as a general were subjects of much controversy (cp. l. 22, "O'er his cold ashes upbraid him"), but it is now acknowledged that he succeeded in saving Portugal from Napoleon and that as a trainer of soldiers and officers he excelled even Wellington. What was the feeling towards him of those who had been trained and had served under him is manifest in the poem.

The poem is a narrative ballad raised by the intensity of the feeling which animates it to the level of a lyric lament for a hero who has sacrificed his life to achieve success for his country. The simplicity of the narrative is suited to the sincerity and depth of the emotion; and the grief that prompts the poem is severely restrained, suggested by the details of the narrative rather than directly expressed. The pathos or pitifulness of the hero's fate is conveyed by the haste and lack of ceremony that marks the burial, the remoteness of his grave from the country for which he fought, the censure which seeks to obscure his fame, and the absence of any monument to defend his reputation. But the final thought is that of the genuine hero-worshipper—that Moore's achievements are his noblest monument.

Metre. Ballad Common Measure. In each stanza the first and third lines contain four feet and the

second and fourth three. The feet are either anapæsts (two short syllables followed by a long, e.g., *Nöt ä drūm*) or iambs (one short syllable followed by one long, e.g., *Wäs heard*), but the former predominate. The second and fourth lines have at the end an extra short syllable, which supplies a double rhyme and prolongs as it were the mournful accompaniment. Occasionally the first line of the stanza begins with a foot consisting of a single long syllable, e.g., lines 13, 21, 29.

- l. 3, *farewell shot*. It is customary to fire a volley over the grave of a soldier as a farewell salute.
- l. 17, *narrow-bed*, grave.
- l. 21, *the spirit*, the soul with all the qualities of thought and feeling manifested in life.
- l. 22, *cold ashes*, dead body: metaphor from cremation.
- l. 23, *reck*, care.
- l. 25, *But half*, only half.
- l. 27, *random*, without aim, because fired in the dark.
- l. 30, *From the field*, etc., with the bloodstains and the honours he had acquired in the field of battle still fresh upon him.

2. THE LOST LOVE

William Wordsworth (1770-1850). Wordsworth was in most ways the greatest of the group of poets who flourished in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge and Southey. The most interesting and important facts in his life are those which show the nature and growth of his poetic genius and of the ideas which he formed of the character and work of poetry. A large part of his life was spent among the lakes and hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland, a district of great natural beauty, where the hardy country-folk were but little educated or refined except by Nature herself. In a long poem called *The Prelude* and in others Wordsworth describes how from boyhood in these surroundings he learnt to find in Nature (*i.e.* the world of external objects and forces around him) the presence of something Divine, which showed itself in the law, order, goodness, beauty, growth of even the commonest and smallest things, and which would impress on the mind of one who was willing and able to let his mind lie open to Nature's impressions some part at least of her order, peace, goodness, and beauty. From such close communication with Nature would come nobility of spirit and a tranquil joy. This educative power of Nature on childhood is suggested in the poems in this selection but still more clearly in his poem, "Three years she grew"—

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This Child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse ; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs ;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.'

Wordsworth stated his ideas of the nature and effect of poetry in one of his earliest publications, the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798 and 1800, with their prefaces. These ideas were suggested by his distaste for the practice then current of filling verse with extraordinary, romantic incidents and with affected, unnatural and bombastic language. Wordsworth, therefore, demanded that the language of poetry should be as simple, and natural both in its words and its figures as that of prose, and he insisted that

the commonest objects and humblest incidents and persons supply the most suitable themes for poetry, because persons in humble life are usually more natural and less affected, and because the meaning and moral value of common-place objects and incidents are more obvious than the actions or events or persons of a complicated and highly artificial society. A still more important reason was that common-place themes call for the exercise of a greater amount of imagination on the part of both poet and reader. Wordsworth's way of stating his theories provoked great controversy. But the idea that underlay them was sound, that the greatest poetry could be written about the humblest objects and in the simplest way. In practise Wordsworth sometimes carried his theory too far ; his language is at times lacking in dignity and ornament, while his characters are sometimes ridiculous or uninteresting. But in the poems here selected the truth that underlies the theory is most happily illustrated. All three deal with childhood, a subject demanding simplicity and naturally exciting tender emotions.

This poem was written, according to the poet, in 1799, when he was on a visit to Germany. Many of Wordsworth's best poems were written under the excitement of some break in the monotony of his quiet life, change of scene, change of companionship, change of occupation. Such changes stimulated him to recall past scenes and emotions and to

seek to give expression to the latter when their vehemence or bitterness was tranquillised by time.

It is not known whether this and other poems addressed to Lucy were inspired by any actual person, or whether Lucy is a creation of the poet's imagination. In either case this poem is to be regarded as indicating a sorrow so deep, an affection so infinitely tender that the poet feels it to be a thing sacred and incapable of full expression in words. He does not attempt to analyse his emotion but breathes it forth in a sigh in the last line. And what has attracted this affection is not a beauty or goodness that shines by its obvious superiority to a crowd of others, or in virtue of the reflected glory of its surroundings, but in spite of lowly circumstances and in virtue of its innate and unadorned beauty, goodness and purity. Thus does Wordsworth illustrate his theory that it is the chief business of the poet's imagination to dignify the humble and common-place.

Metre. The same as in No. 3.

l. 2, *Dove*, a small stream near Buxton on the borders of Derbyshire.

l. 5, *A violet*, a little dark blue flower growing wild in sheltered woods and hedges. Its rich colour, sweet scent, tiny size, and habit of hiding beneath its own leaves or other plants, are the chief reasons why the poet associates it with Lucy.

3 LUCY GRAY

Wordsworth writes that this poem was "written at Goslar, in Germany, in 1799. It was founded on a circumstance told me by my sister, of a little girl, who, not far from Halifax in Yorkshire, was bewildered in a snow-storm. Her footsteps were tracked by her parents to the middle of a lock of a canal, and no other vestige of her, backward or forward, could be traced. The body, however, was found in the canal." This story, with but one alteration, the poet relates in the simplest language and with no attempt at ornament, trusting to the sorrowfulness of the facts themselves to win the pity and the sympathy of the reader. The one alteration he makes, the failure to find the body, is intended to give opportunity to bring out the close relationship between Lucy and her surroundings. Remote from companions, she was left to nature for her education, from whom she learnt the habit of obedience, to rejoice in life and movement yet to possess the stillness and calmness of nature, to observe and sympathise with all that surrounded her. So that, when she died, it seemed impossible that she should have gone from that place of whose lonely beauty she was the perfect embodiment. Compare Wordsworth's poem on "The Education of Nature" quoted in the introductory note to No. 2.

Metre. The first and third lines contain four feet, the second and fourth three. The feet are usually

iamb (one short followed by one long syllable) : occasionally a trochee (long syllable followed by a short) occurs, *e.g.*, $\bar{O}ft \bar{I} | h\ddot{a}d h\ddot{e}ard | \ddot{o}f L\ddot{u} | c\ddot{y} Gr\ddot{a}y$. If line 6 is to be scanned, 'Shě dwēlt | ōn ă | wīde mōor, we have two unusual feet, the pyrrhic (two shorts) and spondee (two longs) at the end. More probably the line should be scanned, 'Shě dwēlt | ōn ă wide | Mōor, the line ending with one long syllable, which is of exceptionally marked length and is balanced by the preceding anapæst.

l. 2, *the wild*, the moor, a stretch of uninhabited and uncultivated country at some height above sea-level.

l. 4, *solitary*, explained in the next line. Dowden quotes Crabb Robinson's Diary, September 11, 1816, to the effect that "the poet's object was 'to exhibit poetically entire *solitude*, and he represents the child as observing the day-moon, which no town or village girl would ever notice.'" Wordsworth gave the poem two titles, "Lucy Gray, or Solitude."

l. 6, *moon*. See note to l. 2.

l. 7, *Grew*, suggestive of some fragrant, beautiful, yet common flower or herb, growing untended in a cottage garden.

ll. 9-10, *fawn, hare*, the pets of Lucy.

l. 16, *the snow*. In the north of England and especially in upland districts snow falls so thickly that in a few hours paths and landmarks are quite

hidden ; and in winter darkness sets in by half-past four in the afternoon.

l. 17, *gladly*. She shows an unselfish joy in obedience.

l. 19, *minster-clock*, clock on the tower of a neighbouring church. Minster originally meant the church of a monastery, and hence any large church or cathedral. Distinguish the word *minister*.

l. 20, *moon*. See note to l. 4.

l. 22, *a faggot-band*. He was getting fire-wood for the house and severs with a curved knife the band which holds together a bundle of sticks. He does not anticipate any difficulty for Lucy and so continues his work without further caution to her. The simplicity with which the poet describes his actions and words is intended to heighten the pitifulness of the disaster which befalls Lucy in the performance of her simple duty.

l. 25, *blither*, more joyous.
roe, deer.

l. 26, *wanton*, playful. She is unconscious of danger and runs and leaps in the snow like a young deer.

l. 40, *furlong*, 220 yards.

l. 42, *In heaven*. They despair of finding her alive on earth.

l. 47, *hawthorn hedge*. In England fields and paths are divided by rows of closely planted thorn bushes.

l. 55, *the plank*, the wooden foot-bridge, probably consisting of one or two planks without a guarding rail.

l. 57, *Yet some maintain*. Wordsworth departs from the real incident in representing that Lucy's body was not found. This gives him the opportunity for imagining that the superstition of the people in these parts gives rise to the belief that she is not dead but in some mysterious way haunts the locality like a bright embodied spirit of solitude.

4. HOHENLINDEN

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) a Scotch poet, was the author of one long poem on the *Pleasures of Hope* and many excellent lyrics and ballads. The most famous of his shorter poems are those in which he celebrates war. In 1800 Campbell paid a visit to Germany and at Ratisbon (see No. 14) in August suddenly found himself in the centre of the war which Napoleon was then waging with Austria. The French drove the Austrians out of the town and Campbell witnessed some skirmishes and a charge of Austrian cavalry on the French. Later in his life he wrote "This formed the most important epoch in my life, in point of impressions; but those impressions at seeing numbers of men strewn dead on the field, or what was worse, seeing them in the act of dying, are so horrible in my memory that I study to banish them." Campbell

however did not actually see the battle of Hohenlinden which was fought in December 1800. In that battle, Napoleon's general Moreau inflicted a crushing defeat on the Austrians under the Archduke John, compelling Austria to make peace. The battle was fought on a dull snowy day in a district covered with forest between the rivers Isar and Inn, (tributaries of the Danube), not far from Munich, in Bavaria. The flight of the Austrians was impeded by the forests and snow-covered banks and they lost about 20,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The impression which Campbell describes as made on himself is that which he aims at conveying in this poem. It is not so much the grandeur of battle or the heroism of the soldier that he here sings, as the cruelty and horribly destructive power of war. Compare the theme of Southey's *Blenheim*. (On Campbell see also the notes to Nos. 19 and 22).

Metre. Three lines each of four feet, and all rhymed alike, followed by one line of four feet, not rhymed with them. The feet are usually iambs. The peculiar feature of the metre of this poem is the fourth line of each stanza, which serves as a refrain. All these fourth lines end in words of three or four syllables, the last three syllables being long, short and long; and the final words of these fourth lines all rhyme in an imperfect way.

l. 1, *Linden*, in full, Hohenlinden, High Lime-trees.

l. 6, *dead of night*, the darkest and stillest hour of the night, when all nature seems lifeless.

l. 7, *commanding*, giving the signal for the death-dealing cannon to light her scenery.

l. 9, *arrayed*, ranged in order of battle.

l. 12, *dreadful revelry*. The horses neighed as if impatient to take part in the game of war.

l. 13, *riven*, split, cleft asunder.

l. 15, *bolts of heaven*, thunderbolts.

l. 21, *level*. The rays of the sun at dawn seem level with the earth's surface : *yon*, that over there ; a word found chiefly in old English or in poetry.

l. 22, *war-clouds*, clouds of smoke : *dun*, brown, dark.

l. 23, *Frank—Hun*. Frank is the name of the tribes who conquered that part of the Roman Empire called Gaul, which is now called France. Hence it means here Frenchman. Similarly, the Huns were one of the tribes that invaded the central parts of the Roman Empire and gave their name to Hungary. As Hungary forms part of the Austrian Empire, Hun here stands for Austrian.

l. 24, *sulphurous canopy*, covering cloud of smoke from the gunpowder. Sulphur is used in the manufacture of gunpowder.

l. 27, *Munich*, the capital of Bavaria, then a separate state in alliance with Austria.

l. 28, *thy chivalry*, thy cavalry. Campbell probably has in mind the charge of Austrian cavalry that he had witnessed. Chivalry is an abstract noun used for the concrete. It suggests the valour, devotion and horsemanship of the knight.

l. 29, *part*, part from one another.

l. 30, *winding-sheet*, shroud, or sheet in which their corpses shall be wound.

l. 32, *sepulchre*. Saintsbury says Campbell certainly intended this to be pronounced *sepulchree*, in order that it might produce a kind of rhyme with 'chivalry,' Dryden has a similar use of *sepulchre*. The word is properly pronounced *sepulcher*.

5. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

Robert Southey, English poet, historian and journalist, lived 1774-1843. He was the close friend and associate of Coleridge and Wordsworth. His poetry includes several long and dull epics on the great religions of the world and a number of very popular ballads and lyrics, by which he will long be remembered. But he was greater as a biographer than as a poet, and his *Life of Nelson* is "a model of a short life."

In 1701 began a general European war, the War of the Spanish Succession. It was occasioned by the attempt of the King of France to enable his

grandson to succeed to the throne of Spain. As this would have greatly increased the power of France and given her too great a control of the affairs of Europe — England, Austria, some German and other States formed an alliance to establish another heir on the Spanish throne. Other reasons also urged them to war against France, such as desire to increase their own territory. The war indeed was one which interested rather Cabinets and Kings than their subjects. With France was allied the German state of Bavaria, in whose territory much of the fighting took place. In August 1704, a combined English and Austrian army defeated the French and Bavarians near Blenheim, a village in Bavaria near the Danube. The English were commanded by the Duke of Marlborough, the Austrians by Prince Eugene. The losses on both sides were heavy. The victory saved the Austrian capital from seizure by the French and practically destroyed French influence in Germany and French military prestige.

Two German children find a human skull in the garden and their grandfather tells them of the battle of Blenheim fought near. He does not understand the causes of the war nor which country was in the right, and can only describe what he recollects of the actual effects of the battle on his own household and locality. And the glory and enthusiasm which commonly attach themselves to military victories blind him to

the cruelty and destruction inseparable from war, even though his own family has suffered from it. But the simplicity and direct insight of childhood enables his grandchildren to recognise at once the wickedness and futility of war. The Bible says, "Have ye never read, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise'?" and innocent childrens' judgments sometimes approach the truth more nearly than those of adults.

Metre. Ballad common measure, with the addition of a four-foot rhyming couplet. This couplet provides a kind of refrain, emphasising the main thought that though it was deemed a great victory, the greatness and utility were more than doubtful.

- l. 5, *the green*, the patch of common grass land in the the middle of the village.
- l. 28, *wonder-waiting*, expectant of some wonderful thing.
- l. 42, *to rest his head*, to sleep. A phrase borrowed from the Bible.
- l. 45, *childing*, about to give birth to a child. The intransitive verb 'to child' has now fallen into disuse.
- l. 63, *what good came of it*. The effect of the victory on the course of the war has been pointed out. But Peterkin suggests the further question, What good came of it to humanity?

6. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

Lord Byron (1788-1824). George Gordon Byron, 6th Lord Byron, came of an ancient family. From his parents he inherited physical and mental deformities which were confirmed by his up-bringing and gave to his life and character, and consequently to his poetry, a morbid and unhealthy turn. Pride and self-will governed his actions and he was licentious in life and a rebel against all the conventionalities of life and literature. By temperament, as well as in consequence of the treatment he had received from fate and his fellowmen, he was melancholy and he took a pride in displaying himself in society and in literature as a misanthrope and pessimist. Himself an aristocrat, he was a hater of tyranny, though probably no lover of democracy. His life and works are best viewed as the expression of a passionate revolt against all restrictions, whether moral, social or political, in fact just that revolutionary spirit which animated all Europe in his lifetime. To the spirit of liberty he finally devoted his life, which he lost from fever while working in Greece to help the Greeks to achieve independence of Turkey.

Byron's poetry includes a great variety of kinds, some new ; satire, lyric, drama, descriptive, narrative. He found for satire a new and lighter vein; he achieved equal popularity if not equal merit with Scott in metrical romance, substituting Oriental

for Scottish scenery. In his own lifetime and even subsequently on the continent, Byron was regarded as the greatest poet of the 19th century. In more recent times poets of loftier and more wholesome morality, more genuine sincerity and more careful workmanship, like Wordsworth and Tennyson, are preferred.

The subject of this poem is an event described in the Bible (2 Kings, chap. 18). Sennacherib, was king of Assyria (in Northern Persia) from 705-681 B.C., with his capital at Nineveh on the Tigris. His empire included most of modern Persia, Arabia, Syria and Palestine. The kings of Syria and Palestine having revolted, he made several expeditions against them and besieged Hezekiah, king of the Jews, in his capital, Jerusalem. In the course of the siege the general of the Assyrians spoke roughly and insolently to the Jews, making light of their power to resist his great army and of their religion and the God in whom they trusted. But Hezekiah requested help from God through the prophet Isaiah and God delivered Jerusalem by sending a sudden plague on the Assyrian camp. "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib King of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh."

Though the details of the Biblical story are probably not exact, the incident is historical, and has become almost a proverbial illustration of the futility of human power against God and of the punishment that God inflicts on human insolence. The poem is a song of triumph at God's defence of his favoured people the Jews against the haughty Gentiles.

The metre is anapæstic ballad long measure. Each line consists of four feet, each of which is an anapæst:—*I'ör thě ān | gěl ōf Death | sprēād his wings | ōn thě blāst.* Occasionally the first foot has but two syllables, but in such cases there is generally some compensating lengthening of the first syllable, *e.g.*, *That hōst | with thēir bānn | ěrs.*

1. 2, *cohorts*, regiments, originally the name of a division of a Roman army, used here to suggest disciplined troops in regular formation.
1. 4, *Galilee*. The Sea of Galilee is a large lake in the north of Palestine. The reflected light from the spears flickering above the mass of moving purple lines is compared to the reflections of the stars on the long rolling waves of the lake, deep blue in the night.
1. 5, *Like the leaves*. In this double simile the army in its number and mobility, its rich array and fluttering flags, is compared to the foliage of summer in its density, fluttering movements and rich colouring: and the sudden destruction

that falls upon it to the sudden scattering of the beautifully tinted leaves when the first autumn gale blows.

l. 9, *the Angel*. See the passage from the Bible quoted above.

l. 11, *sleepers*. The plague attacks the army by night.

waxed deadly, became more and more death-like.

l. 12, *but once heaved*, gave one great sigh only.

l. 14, *breath of his pride*, the hard breathing of the high-spirited horse checked by his rider.

l. 21, *Ashur*, Assyria. The country was called Assyria from its chief town Assur, and the town was so called from its patron deity.

l. 22, *broke*, poetical and old form of the past participle, broken; compare 'unsmote' in l. 23. *Baal*, the name of a God of the Babylonians and various peoples in Syria, the God of the productive forces of nature.

l. 23, *Gentile*, here used for Assyrian. Originally a Latin word applied by Romans to all other nations than their own, then adopted by the Jews for all nations other than the Jews.

7. THE QUIET LIFE

Alexander Pope (1688-1744), was the greatest poet of the eighteenth century and the dictator of the fashion of poetry both during his life and

long after. His poetry comprised translations of Greek and Latin poets, imitations of earlier English poets, a great philosophical poem called the *Essay on Man*, and satirical poems on society and individuals, especially literary dunces, (*e.g.*, *The Dunciad*). He wrote few lyrical poems, and the example given in this selection was written at the age of twelve. That a poem composed at that age should have obtained the honour of inclusion in anthologies of the best English lyrics shows the precocity of Pope's genius. No doubt one reason for the poem was the fact that Pope's constitution was so weak that his early life was perforce retired and lonely and that his education had to be largely conducted by himself. The Latin poets, especially Horace, had often dwelt on the pleasures of a retired country life as opposed to the gaieties of the town, and Pope borrowed his thought and something of his language from these authors so commonly studied in boyhood. Pope was no deep thinker and the thought of his reflective poems is generally borrowed.

Metre. Four iambs in the first three lines varied occasionally by a trochee (*e.g.*, line 1 ; Hāppŷ | thē mān |) : the last line of each stanza consists of two iambs (or trochees). A stanza of three lines of five feet concluded by one line of two feet only was employed by the Greeks and Romans (especially Horace) but the resemblance of this to Pope's stanza, except in the effect produced by the concluding line, is slight.

1. 2, *paternal*, inherited from his father. Full enjoyment of a life in the country, it is implied, is obtained only by those who are *native* to it, who have been born and bred in it. The townsman who purchases a country estate after enriching himself in the business of a city can never reconcile himself wholly to its simplicity and remoteness.

bound, limit. Whose aims and troubles are confined to obtaining and enjoying the products of the small farm which he has inherited.

1. 9, *Blest, who*, blest is he who.
1. 16, *With meditation, i.e.*, not the unreflecting innocence of childhood nor a life of mere mechanical labour in the fields ; but a life free from the vices which the luxury of towns begets and relieved from the dullness which lack of society might cause by the serious thought for which the quiet of the country alone provides leisure.
1. 17, *unseen*, by the world in general.
1. 19, *Steal from the world*, pass away from life unnoticed.
a stone, monument.

8. LOCHINVAR

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) belonged to a family that had long dwelt on the Scotch Border and from childhood his imagination and understanding

were nurtured on the scenery, legends, superstitions and history of the Border. He spent his vacations in rambles through the Borderland in search of old ballads and fragments of legend and his first attempts at poetry were imitations of old ballads. His first published book was a collection of the old poems he had himself gathered from Scottish peasants, *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. His first great poem *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* grew out of an attempt to write a ballad on an old legend. This and the subsequent poems which made Scott's reputation were narrative poems, mainly in four-foot couplets, relating, after the manner of the Mediæval Romances but with a considerable flavour of the Epic, tales of Scottish (sometimes English) history and especially events associated with the Borderland. Subsequently Scott devoted himself to writing historical novels. Scattered through his narrative poems and his novels are a number of beautiful songs and ballads of his own composition or adapted from old ones. One such is *Lochinvar*, which occurs in *Marmion* (Canto V.) as a song sung at the Court of the Scottish King by a somewhat coquettish English dame.

Metre. The poem is one of the best examples of the anapæstic measure in English literature: the stanza is of three four-foot rhymed couplets: each foot is an anapæst (e.g., Lōchīnvār): occasionally the first foot has two syllables only, the first syllable being leng-

thened somewhat in compensation, *e.g.*, l. 1, *Ō yōung* |, and l. 37 *ōne tōuch* |. The skill of the poet is best seen in the way in which he varies the flow of the syllables to suit the meaning and movement described, *e.g.*, lines 41, 42 and 45.

A young Scotch knight, living on the south-west border of Scotland, seeks in marriage the daughter of an English lord dwelling at Netherby near Carlisle. His suit is refused though the girl loves him, and she is betrothed to another who has none of Lochinvar's knightly qualities. On the day of the wedding, Lochinvar arrives unbidden at the feast and under pretence of bidding the bride farewell carries her off on horseback. (See the Introductory note to No. 22).

l. 2, *Border*, the district on either side of the boundary between England and Scotland. Before the union of these two countries under King James, there was constant fighting between the English and Scotch dwellers on the Border, even when their countries were at peace.

l. 3, *broad-sword*, sword with straight, broad blade.

l. 5, *faithful—dauntless*, the two qualities essential to the chivalrous knight.

l. 7, *for brake*, on account of hindering thicket.

l. 10, *gallant*, suitor. The word implies just the two qualities essential to knighthood, devotion to a lady and courage in war. These were the very qualities lacking in the favoured suitor.

l. 16, *craven*, cowardly.

l. 20, *like the Solway*. On the west, Scotland and England are divided by a shallow arm of the sea called Solway Firth. The tide ebbs and flows here with great rapidity, so that people attempting on foot the short passage across the sands of Solway are apt to be caught and drowned by the incoming tide. Scott describes this in his novel *Redgauntlet*. The knight means that though love is a passion that rises suddenly and swiftly, yet, if it meet with no encouragement, it declines with equal rapidity.

l. 22, *lead a measure*, take the leading part in a dance.

l. 25, *kissed*, touched with her lips, instead of drinking.

l. 29, *bar*, hinder.

l. 30, *tread*, dance.

l. 32, *galliard*, a lively dance (of Spanish origin) for two dancers, common in the 16th and 17th centuries, the precursor of the minuet. The line means;—So beautiful and dignified a dance never before adorned a baronial hall.

l. 39, *croupe*, a seat behind the saddle, on the hind quarters of the horse.

l. 41, *scaur*, either rock or precipitous bank.

9. THREE FISHERS

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was a clergyman of the Protestant Church of England, holding strong radical opinions on the social questions of the time,

opinions inspired by his sympathy with the conditions in which the poor lived and worked. These opinions, some of which he held in common with Carlyle, he gave expression to in two novels *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*. But his power as a novelist is best displayed in his descriptions of scenery and character in his historical novels *Hereward the Wake*, *Westward Ho!* and *Hypatia*. More directly educational were his versions of Greek legends called *The Heroes* and his fairy tales of Science, *The Water Babies*. He wrote comparatively little poetry and that mostly of a simple character, either tenderly sympathetic or frankly rejoicing in a vigorous free life.

The Three Fishers belongs to the former kind, recognising that labour strengthens rather than dulls human affection, expressing the inevitability of toil and sorrow for the human race, and tenderly sympathising with the harder task of the women. They must work under stress of an ever present fear of death or danger to their loved ones, danger which they can do nothing to avert save watch and pray, while with men the fear of death may be forgotten in battling with the peril.

Metre. Saintsbury (*History of Prosody*, III, 260) praises "the skilled combination of anapæsts so grouped as to give to the metre a mournfulness unusual with anapæstic measures." This effect is gained partly by the repetition (with a difference) of thought, word and sound in the last three lines of

each stanza, furnishing a kind of refrain or succession of outbursts of moaning grief : partly by frequently substituting, in these last three lines of each stanza, for regular anapæsts, feet which are, or are almost spondees (two long syllables). Thus a movement which is at first merely plaintive is reduced to one that is, or becomes, a long-drawn moan ; *e.g.*, l. 5 Fōr mēn | mŭst wōrk | ānd wō | mēn mŭst wēēp. The last line of each stanza contains but three feet but the last foot is so prolonged that it compensates.

l. 7, *harbour bar*, the shoal or bank of sand that forms at the mouth of most harbours. In storms such bars are often difficult to cross. And when stormy weather is approaching it would be heralded by increased noise from the waves breaking with growing strength on this shoal. A "moaning at the bar" would thus be indicative of storms ahead. Compare Tennyson's last poem.

"Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning at the bar,

When I put out to sea."

l. 8, *lighthouse*, at the entrance to the harbour.

They do their best to assist the fishermen's
return.

l. 10, *squall* sudden storm of wind and rain.

l. 11, *night-rack*, detached fragments of ragged rain-cloud drifting across the sky by night, heralds of storm. Compare Keats' *Endymion*

"The cloudy rack slow journeying in the West."

l. 17, *wringing*, clasping tightly and twisting.

l. 20, *the sooner it's over, i.e.*, work or weeping.

If men thus die early, at least they are free of life's toil and sorrows: they have crossed the bar once for all and need no more fear its dangers or the perils of the deep beyond.

10. BARBARA FRIETCHIE

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807--1892), American poet, had been brought up to farming and took to literature when his health proved too weak for that work. A Quaker by religion, he was one of the first leaders of the movement for the abolition of negro slavery in the States and this movement was the subject and inspiration of most of the poetry of his youth and middle age. He also took an active part in political and journalistic work for this cause. From the close of the Civil War his poetry widened in outlook, becoming more personal and more religious: many of his poems are ballads celebrating local legends. His best poem *Snow-Bound* pleased both by its sympathetic picture of New England farm life and by its personal tone. Generally, his poetry is characterised rather by earnestness and simple eloquence than by artistic beauty of either metre or diction. He is essentially a poet of the people.

The theme of this poem is an incident in the Civil War of the United States, for the general truth though not the details of which the poet vouches, "It is admitted," he writes, "by all that Barbara Frietchie was no myth, but a worthy and highly esteemed gentlewoman, intensely loyal and a hater of the Slavery Rebellion, holding her Union flag sacred and keeping it with her Bible; that when the Confederates halted before her house, and entered her door-yard, she denounced them in vigorous language, shook her cane in their faces, and drove them out; and when general Burnside's (Federal) troops followed close upon Jackson's, she waved her flag and cheered them. It is stated that May Quantrell, a brave and loyal lady in another part of the city, did wave her flag in sight of the Confederates. It is possible that there has been a blending of the two incidents."

The Civil War. Negro slaves from Africa were originally imported into all the States of America principally for the sake of cotton and rice-growing. In course of time as the Northern States developed manufactures they ceased to require slaves; but the Southern States remained a purely agricultural country and maintained slavery. This and other causes such as the dispute as to the limits of the power of the Federal Government over individual States created a wide difference of character and sentiment between the Northern and Southern States,

which ended, in 1860, in eleven Southern States seceding from the Union and forming a Confederacy with a Government of their own. War broke out in 1861 between the Confederates, or Southern supporters of slavery and the Federals or supporters of the Northern States, and the anti-slavery movement. The points of dispute were really two, whether slavery should be maintained and whether the United States should remain one nation and country or split into two. These questions were decided in favour of the Federals in 1865 after five years of the fiercest fighting, and bitterest feeling.

Metre. Rhymed couplets of four feet; on the whole the lines appear iambic, but there is a large proportion of anapæsts, and what gives the metre its peculiar character is the frequent use of a trochee at the beginning of the first line.

1. 3, *Frederick*, capital of the county of Frederick in the State of Maryland. The town is situated in the valley of a tributary of the river Potomac, between hills. *Maryland* is one of the Eastern States of the United States and was a centre of much fighting in the American Civil War.
1. 4, *Green-walled*. Shut in by the green hills as by a moss-grown wall.
1. 5, *sweep*, circle.
1. 6, *fruited deep*, heavily laden with fruit.
1. 7, *garden of the Lord*, garden of Eden or Paradise.

1. 8, *rebel horde*, Confederate army.
1. 9, *fall*, autumn, as the season when the leaves fall from trees; a word formerly in good literary use in England, *e.g.*, by Dryden, but now only used in certain localities and regarded generally as an Americanism.
1. 10, *Lee*. Robert Edward Lee, one of the greatest of the Confederate generals, invaded Maryland in September 1862, in the expectation that the people of that State would sympathise fervently with the Confederate cause and supply many recruits. Frederick was the first important town his army marched through and it was with much disappointment that the Confederates perceived that the inhabitants were contented to gaze with wonder at the ragged and poorly equipped army but showed no disposition to join its ranks or abandon their loyalty to the Federal cause.
1. 13, *silver stars—crimson bars*. The Federal flag consisted of thirteen red and white stripes representing the thirteen original colonies, and in the top left hand corner a blue field with as many white stars as there were States. This was the original flag of the United States.
1. 22, *loyal*, to the Union, *i.e.*, Federalist.
1. 24, *Stonewall Jackson*. Thomas Jonathan Jackson was one of the best Confederate generals, acting usually under or in concert with

Lec. The rigid steadiness which the soldiers trained by him showed at a crisis of the Battle of Bull Run, at the outset of the war, earned for him the name Stonewall, a name confirmed by his own firmness and strength of character. He was killed in the course of the war, 1863.

- l. 25, *slouched*, with broad drooping brim.
- l. 29, *sash*, frame of the window enclosing the glass, derived through the French from Latin *capsa* a case. Sash, a girdle, is a distinct word, of Persian origin.
- l. 30, *seam*, torn opening. So we talk of the seams of a ship, the open spaces between her planks.
Royal will, a determination as fixed and unalterable as a king's decree.
- l. 37, *shame*. He was reminded that he was a rebel, fighting under another flag against his own countrymen.
- l. 41, *who touches*. Supply 'he' as antecedent of 'who' and subject of 'dies.'
- l. 45, *free flag*, flag symbolical of freedom, flag of the Federals who fought for the abolition of negro slavery.
- l. 48, *loyal winds*. They are called loyal because they spread out and display the National flag: also because the wind bloweth freely where it listeth and therefore may be supposed to be on the side of the anti-slavery party.

1. 52, *the Rebel*, Jackson, killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2nd, 1863. He was famous for the swiftness and secrecy of his marches, which are therefore described as raids.
1. 53, *Honor*, American way of spelling honour, as being nearer to the pronunciation and Latin original.
1. 54, *on Stonewall's bier*. Whittier writes grudgingly as a Federalist. But Jackson's was a character that even an enemy might admire for its own sake. He was animated by a high sense of honour and a deeply religious spirit.
1. 56, *of.....Union*. The Federals fought not only for the abolition of slavery but to prevent the Confederate States seceding from the Union of *all* American States and forming a separate confederation.
wave, imperative mood, as also are 'draw,'
1. 57, and 'look down,' 1. 59.
1. 58, *thy symbol*. The stars are the symbols of light, *i.e.*, of intelligence, humanity, progress : the stripes, of ordered union and obedience to the law of the Federation.
1. 59, *look down*. The construction is, Let the stars (of heaven) look down on the stars (of the flag).

11. A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

Allan Cunningham (1784-1842), Scottish poet, began life as a stone-mason's apprentice. His first contribution to literature was to supply old Scottish ballads to a collection of Scottish songs, among which he inserted songs of his own composition. Encouraged by his success in imitation, he went to London and combined literary work with employment in a sculptor's studio. Several of his sons had a distinguished career in India. Some of his songs have achieved a permanent place in English poetry.

Though Cunningham was but a landsman he has contrived most successfully to embody in this song the feeling of the genuine sailor for the sea, the joy in the freshness, spaciousness and free movement of the waters, the pleasure of forcing the mighty winds and waves to serve his purposes and waft him whither *he* wills.

Metre. Ballad Common Measure : eight lines of four and three feet alternately, rhyming alternately, but the last four lines having no rhyme in common with the first four: the feet mainly iambs, but varied with trochees.

1. 1, *wet sheet*. As a nautical term 'sheet' means the rope fastened to the corner of the sail for hauling it tight. Here it probably includes both rope and corner of the sail. As the boat heels over under the strength of the breeze,

the bottom corner of the sail would be near or in the sea or at least wetted with spray.

flowing sea, the sea when the tide is rising, and the breeze is likely to be fresh and the surface ruffled.

- l. 2, *follows*, i.e., a favouring breeze.
- l. 4, *gallant*, stout, resisting the greatest strain.
- l. 6, *free*, roving over the ocean at will as the eagle through the air.
- l. 8, *on the lee*, A sailor's phrase which gives a very appropriate nautical flavour to the song. But Cunningham was a landsman and I doubt if the phrase admits of exact interpretation, 'On the lee' means, on the quarter or side *towards which* the wind is blowing, or that side of an object which is most sheltered by the interposition of the object keeping off the wind. Now the ship has been described as leaving England with a following wind, which should mean a wind blowing from the land towards the ship. In that case, the land would be on the windward not the leeward side. Perhaps we are to suppose the ship as running down the English Channel with an easterly wind, when the coast would be more or less on the lee.
- l. 10, *a fair one*, some fair but sea-sick lady.
- l. 11, *snoring*, murmuring hoarsely through the rigging like the breath of a sleeper through his nostrils or throat.

- l. 12. Notice the alliteration : the accumulation of aspirates suggests the laboured heaving of the waves.
- l. 14, *tight*, strongly built and well equipped ; seaworthy.
- l. 19, *the music*, *i.e.*, the piping or whistling of the wind.
- l. 23, *the hollow oak*, the oak-framed ship.
- l. 24, *our heritage*. This and l. 15 supply the key to the poem. The true sailor is as much at home in the world of waters as on land, the ocean is as much his native land as his country's soil itself : and the English sailor inherits this familiarity with, love of and pride in the sea through many generations of sailor-ancestors. Hence his claim to roam and rule the seas:

12. WE ARE SEVEN

This poem was composed in 1798 and published in the Lyrical Ballads. When it was almost finished the poet recited it to his sister Dorothy and his friend Coleridge, and said that it needed an introductory stanza. Coleridge thereupon composed what is now the first stanza, the first line, however, being, "A little child, dear brother Jim," in allusion to a common friend. Wordsworth accepted the stanza, altering the first line to "A simple child, dear brother Jim" : from 1815 the words "dear brother Jim" were omitted.

The poet aims at illustrating a child's inability to understand or realise the meaning or even the fact of death. This he attributes in the first stanza to the child's possessing "the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow or any other irrational creature is endowed." Later in life he saw reason to attribute it to deeper causes and endeavoured to express this more philosophical explanation in his great *Ode on Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood*, in which the child's attitude is not merely an incapacity to realise death due to its vitality but a positive, if instinctive feeling of immortality, a kind of dim recollection of earlier existence before birth, a vague foreknowledge of another life to come. The little girl of *We are Seven* Wordsworth had actually met, but his own experience had been similar. "Nothing" he says, "was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being . . . I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven," (i.e., carried up to heaven while still living, like Elijah).

Metre. As in Nos. 2 and 3.

1. 2, *lightly*, unthinkingly, without reflection on its origin.

- l. 3, *feels its life*, shows that it is aware that it is alive merely by free exercise of its limbs.
- l. 19, *Conway*, a town in North Wales.
- l. 34, *You run.....Your limbs*. The maid's questioner is trying to see whether she realises the difference which active movement makes between the living and the dead. But to the little girl, her brother and sister in the grave are no more divided from her than if they had moved from her own house to live in that next door.
- l. 47, *porringer*, bowl for porridge, a soft oatmeal food.
- l. 58, *slide*, on the ice of frozen pools.

13. THE POET'S SONG

Lord Tennyson (1809-1902). Alfred Tennyson's first volume of poems was published in 1830 and his second in 1832, both within the lifetime of Wordsworth. His third volume in 1842 established him as the greatest poet of his age, a position which he held till his death, in spite of the rivalry of Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne. And as, during the long reign of Victoria, the new forms of thought and social organisation which marked the beginning of the nineteenth century attained their full growth, so under the long poetical supremacy of Tennyson, poetry developed to the full the ideals and capacities of which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Keats and Shelley in the beginning of the century had variously fostered the growth. Tennyson was like Words-

worth (and Milton before him) in regarding the work of the poet as a consecrated calling, a mission to preach truth, love and beauty to his fellowmen. The consciousness of this high calling not only gave to all his poetry a moral worth and grandeur that almost rivals Wordsworth's, but inspired it with an earnestness that compensates for his lack of the passion and intensity of Byron and Shelley, and prompted him to strive for an artistic beauty of expression such as Keats had less consciously attained to. And with regard to the music of poetry, Tennyson was more completely master of its many varieties of sweetness than any of his predecessors.

Metre. The first stanza is an octave of four-foot lines (Ballad Common Measure), the last line having only three feet: the feet are iambs and anapæsts combined at will. In the second stanza the four-foot lines alternate with three-foot lines (Ballad Long Measure).

1. 1, *The rain had fallen.* The storm is over and the poet goes forth to breathe the sweetness and behold the beauty of the refreshed earth in the free air beyond the oppressive rows of houses and streets and away from the distracting company of unsympathetic men. The earth and all that therein is are gladdened by the storm, and the joy of the world has entered into the heart of the poet and demands expression in song. He sings with the full-throated and con-

tinuous melody of the nightingale and the burden of his song is the beauty and goodness and justice that in the days to be will come upon the earth and mankind out of the storm and stress of the present time. For the true poet is necessarily an idealist. His very nature consists in his power to see the elements of truth, permanence, beauty, justice amongst the false, transient, ugly and unjust ; in his intuition that these elements are the vital and productive forces in the world ; and in his consequent conviction that the world is progressing to new and nobler conditions. So in *The Poet's Mind*, Tennyson compares his mind to a garden in the middle of which leaps a fountain drawn from the mountains ;

“And the mountain draws it from Heaven above,
And it sings a song of undying love,”

and in *The Poet*,

“The poet in a golden clime was born,

With golden stars above ;

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,

The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,

He saw thro' his own soul.

The marvel of the everlasting will,

An open scroll,

Before him lay.”

The “viewless arrows of his thoughts,” “like the arrow-seeds of the field flower” take root and blossom into “shafts of truth.”

“Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show’d,
And thro’ the wreaths of floating dark upcurl’d
Rare sunrise flow’d.”

And in the sunrise appears the figure of Freedom,
clad in the robe of Wisdom, her weapon

“But one poor poet’s scroll, and with *his* word
She shook the world.”

The Poet to Tennyson is thus one who has a true vision of Past, Present and Future and by that vision is taught to love mankind and believe in man’s capacity for good. And that belief gives to the Poet’s words the power to help his fellows along the path of progress by teaching truth and wisdom.

- l. 3, *gates of the sun*, the East. The Greeks represented the Sun as a God (Phœbus) who dwelt in a palace in the East and daily drove across the heavens in a four-horsed chariot, accompanied by the Dawn whose duty it was to unbar the gates of the palace. Compare Tennyson’s *Tithonus*, the “gleaming halls of morn.”
- l. 4, *waves of shadow*. The standing wheat bent before the breeze till it passed (just as still water ripples under a wind) so that a line of shadow passed over the surface of the wheatfield.
- l. 10, *spray*, small leafy branch or twig.
- l. 11, *down*, soft feathers torn from the breast of the bird which he has seized.

14. INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

Robert Browning (1812-1889). Browning is deservedly reckoned as the most original among the poets of England in the nineteenth century, and as second only to Tennyson; in the eyes of those who love his work most, not even second to him. His life and work were moulded by two influences, his parents and his wife. His father, though a clerk in the Bank of England was a man of extraordinary intellect and artistic sense and so directed his son's education that his originality had full scope to develop. His mother retained the poet's deepest love throughout life and built his moral and religious temperament on firm foundations. But the crowning influence on Browning was his marriage to the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett. His love for his invalid wife brought out all the nobility of his nature and inspired some of the noblest poetry of both. Like Wordsworth, Browning's chief interest is in the moral problems of human life. For this reason the subjects of his poems though often taken from ancient history are chosen for the light they throw on human character and for their connection with problems of modern life. And in dealing with such subjects, Browning carries his analysis of the working of the human mind very deep and is often very difficult to understand. He differs, however, from Wordsworth and indeed from almost all poets in attempting, not to analyse his own mind or directly to express his own

feelings towards a given character or event, but to make the persons of his poems express their own minds, or convey the essential meaning and moral of a given situation. Now this is to make lyric poetry attempt to do what is commonly held to be more properly the work of drama. For lyric poetry is usually regarded as an intense and impassioned expression of the poet's own emotion or of some emotion which the poet makes his own for the time being. While in drama the poet conceals his own personality completely and makes the characters reveal themselves and their situation through their own words and actions. This original method Browning marked by calling his poems *Dramatic Lyrics* and *Dramatic Romances*. The *Incident of the French Camp* is one of the latter. It has several dramatic features. The story is not told by the poet, but is supposed to be related by one who witnessed the incident and was deeply impressed by it. Secondly, the incident is just such an one as might form a scene at the climax of a drama. The fate of an Emperor and of his ambitious schemes hangs in the balance, dependent on the resolute and faithful performance of his orders by his subordinates. The scene opens with the action in suspense, the Emperor standing tense and expectant, brooding over the chances of war. There is a sudden movement, the orderly dashes up, the news is briefly told, and, success being now assured, new visions of imperial greatness rise in Napoleon's mind. But thirdly, the

incident has a deeper, a tragic aspect, in which are revealed the subtle contrasts of human character and the moral problems of life. At the beginning Napoleon is the cold calculating general, his mind intent only on the issues of the battle, careless of the cost save as it affects the future; and the orderly tells his news as one who is but a part of the complicated military machine which Napoleon has set at work, suppressing his own agony, that is part of the cost of victory, but giving vent to his youthful enthusiasm for his commander. But as soon as his mind is at rest with regard to his plans the quality which enabled Napoleon to inspire his soldiers with self-sacrificing devotion manifests itself and he shows a parental concern for the bearer of the good news. But the orderly does not seek his Emperor's pity; he dies happy in the thought that he has helped to accomplish his general's designs and proud to pay to the uttermost his share of the cost. But what are we to think of him whose only contributions to the cost were a look and word of sympathy, and those only called forth by an afterthought?

Metre. Ballad Common Measure; an octave with lines of four and three feet alternately: iambic on the whole, but varied by trochees and lightened by anapæsts. Compare the metre of No. 11.

1. 1, *stormed Ratisbon.* Regensburg or Ratisbon once the capital of Bavaria in Germany, is an ancient town on the banks of the Danube

with an interesting history. Of the seventeen sieges it is said to have sustained, the one alluded to by Browning took place on April 23rd, 1809. Napoleon was engaged in a complicated campaign along the river Danube against Austria, which country was beginning to put itself forward as the centre of European resistance to Napoleon's imperial schemes. After five days constant manœuvring and fighting, the Austrians were defeated at the battle of Eckmühl and retreated by way of Ratisbon, hotly pursued by the French. The Austrian rear-guard stubbornly defended the old mediæval walls of the town, which the French stormed (*i.e.*, took by assault) in the evening. It was here that for the only time in his whole career Napoleon was slightly wounded.

1. 6, *locked behind*, folded behind his back, a common attitude of Napoleon.
1. 7, *prone*, overhanging, prominent.
1. 8, *Oppressive*, dominating by means of the intellect that lies behind it.
1. 10, *plans that soar*, ambitious plans. Napoleon's plans extended to the conquest of Vienna, capital of Austria, and the final subjugation of all resistance to his supremacy over the continent of Europe.
1. 11, *Lannes*. Jean Lannes twice rose from being a private soldier to the position of general. A

man of little education, he was selected by Napoleon for his military qualities and ultimately created a Duke and Marshal of France. The Emperor constantly employed him on tasks requiring the utmost courage, vigour and capacity for command, and of all the generals whom Napoleon picked out and trained, he was the most trusted and the most beloved by his master. He was killed in battle near Vienna, a month after the storming of Ratisbon.

- l. 12, *Warer*, hesitate.
- l. 14, *bound on bound*, leap after leap.
- l. 20, *suspect*. The sentence stops abruptly to make way for the parenthesis, and when it is resumed, a new principal verb with a dependent clause, "you looked twice ere you saw (that)" is introduced.
- l. 28, *anon*, presently.
- l. 29, *flag-bird*, the eagle, ensign of the French Imperial armies. It was so called because the French regimental ensign had a gilt figure of an eagle at the top of the staff. This eagle was adopted by Napoleon after 1804 in imitation of the Roman standard which consisted of a silver or bronze eagle with outstretched wings on a pole. The eagle was the symbol of the heavenly authority of the Roman God Jupiter.

vans, wings. From the Latin *vannus*, a fan. Browning perhaps borrowed the word from Shelley's *Witch of Atlas*,¹⁶:

As bats at the wired windows of a dairy
They beat their vans.

1. 30, *to heart's desire*, as high or as publicly as your ambition could desire.
1. 34, *sheathes*, etc., as the white skin of the eagle's eyelid covers her eye.
1. 36, *eaglet*, the diminutive of eagle. The simile is suggested by the French standard.
1. 38, *Touched to the quick*, wounded in its most tender part. The enthusiastic young officer of the Emperor is hurt that the latter could suppose that anything but a mortal wound would make him show the pain which discipline has trained him to overcome in the performance of his duty. As a noun *quick* means the sensitive flesh below the skin; as an adjective it may mean 'living.'

15. ABOU BEN ADHEM

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was a greater essay-writer and critic of literature than poet, and his importance as a poet arises as much from his close association with greater poets than himself, and from his influence on others as from the merit of his own poetry. With Byron and Shelley he was associated in journalistic work, lived with them in Italy and

received much pecuniary assistance from them. Keats he assisted by timely praise but encouraged to imitate some of the faults of his own poetry, especially the conversational familiarity of his language and excessive sentimentality of his phrases. His influence was more beneficial on both Keats and others in furnishing proof how much more suited to natural narrative in poetry is that overflowing form of the rhymed five-foot couplet, which Chaucer and Dryden had used than the balanced, pointed and self-contained couplet which Pope had established as the fashion. Of Hunt's own poetry the narrative poems are much the best and of these the *Story of Rimini* surpasses the others. Of his shorter narrative poems, *Solomon's Ring* or *The Inevitable* and that contained in this selection are the best examples. But *Abou Ben Adhem* has the advantage in terseness and restraint.

Metre. Rhymed couplets of five-foot lines. The lines are ten-syllabled (except line 4, which may be scanned with a trochee and an anapæst, Mäking | it rich, | änd like | ä li | lÿ in blöom) and mainly iambic, as is customary in this metre. There are two forms of this metre: that in which the meaning and the syntactical construction are wholly contained within the limits of the couplet (so that a full stop or colon occurs at the end of each couplet) and each line is divided by a pause into two fairly equal parts. This was the form used by Pope. Secondly, that in which the meaning and grammatical construction often

flow over from one couplet into another and even a third, so that long paragraphs are possible, and the pause occurs in a greater variety of places. This second form was used in the seventeenth century especially by Dryden but was driven out of fashion in the eighteenth by the form perfected by Pope. To Leigh Hunt belongs the merit of reviving it and teaching it to Keats. *About Ben Adhem* is in the second form, that which employs 'overflow,' and employs this form skilfully, not prolonging the flow of the metre and sentences so long as to confuse the construction or weaken the thread of the narrative. This form is best suited to narrative. The other form of Pope is better suited to the short, sharp and balanced epigrams of satire.

1. 1, *his tribe increase*, may he and his kinsmen prosper.

1. 4, *making it rich*, giving to the bare room an unusual glory and glow.

like a lily. If 'like,' qualifies 'angel,' it means that he saw an angel clad in white and holding in his arms a book of gold; and the angel seemed like a great white arum lily encircling a golden stamen; or like the white madonna lily, symbol of purity.

But 'like' may qualify either 'moonlight' or 'it' (i.e., the room) and then the poet means that with the arrival of the angel the room or the moonlight gained an added radiance, as a lily does when it opens into flower.

1. 5, *a book of gold*. An angel is a kind of spiritual and superhuman being, attendant on God in heaven and acting as messenger (the Greek *a(n)ggelos* means "messenger"), agent and representative of God on earth and among men. Angels are usually represented in art and thought as having a human form of the highest beauty, clothed in long white flowing robes, with large wings attached to their shoulders: often they are pictured with a spray of lilies in their hand, as in the many pictures of the Annunciation. The Christian belief in angels is derived from the Bible and other Jewish writings. Among other Jewish and biblical ideas on the subject is that of the *Recording Angel*, the belief that a record or register of all the good and bad acts of each individual is kept for God by one of his angels with a view to the final day of Judgment. This belief is often alluded to in literature, as by Laurence Sterne in *Tristram Shandy* :—
 "The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever." The idea is founded on several passages of the Bible alluding to a register of God ("The Book of Life") containing the names of those who in virtue of their good

deeds and faith or in virtue of the choice of God are admissible to Heaven. "And at that time [the day of Judgment] thy people shall be delivered, everyone that shall be found written in the book." (Daniel 12, 1). "And the Lord said unto Moses, Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book" (Exodus 32, 32). "And Christ said unto his seventy disciples, Rejoice, because your names are written in Heaven." (St. Luke 10, 20.)

- l. 6, *Exceeding peace*. Tranquillised by his dream and conscious of a life spent in peace and goodwill to his neighbours Ben Adhem is not afraid to question the angel.
- l. 7, *the presence*. Who or what the figure is he does not know but is only aware of the presence of a mysterious but majestic and gracious being. So the poet speaks of the angel as "the presence" in much the same way, as in the East, persons of rank are called *Huzūr*. So Milton, *Paradise Lost* X. 144, speaking of God addressing Adam in the Garden of Paradise, "To whom the sovran Presence thus replied."
- l. 9, *of all sweet accord*, a look in which all that is sweet and good was harmoniously blended.
- l. 13, *cheerly*, cheerfully
- l. 14, *loves his fellow-men*. Christ taught that the duty of man both in the Jewish and Christian religion is comprised in two commandments:—

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.” And he defined one’s neighbour as any fellow-being of whatever caste, race or sect. (St. Luke 10. 25). Finding his claim to have fulfilled the first commandment, to love God, is not admitted, Abou claims to have at least fulfilled the second, and the angel admits the claim.

- A. 17, *had blessed*, the names of those to whom their love for God had brought the blessing of being recorded in God’s ‘Book of Life.’
- J. 18, *led all the rest*, stood first in the list; because he had realised so clearly the inseparable nature of love of God and love of our fellow-men. So the Christian St. John writes: “If we love one another, God dwelleth in us and His love is perfected in us.” (1 Epistle 4. 7 and 12)

16. THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY

William Cowper (1731-1800), English poet and letter-writer, came of a good family, whose members, including the poet, pronounced their name Cooper. From the legal profession which he had entered the poet was debarred by insanity and melancholia which recurred periodically throughout his life. For seventeen years the poet was carefully tended

by friends at the village of Olney in Buckinghamshire, during which time he was inspired to poetry by the woman he would have married, Mary Unwin, and a friend, Lady Austen. This was the period of the *Olney Hymns* (1779), of moral and satirical poems such as *Table Talk* and *Truth* (1782), and of *The Task*, and *John Gilpin* (1785). In 1786 he came under the cheerful influence of another good woman, his cousin, Lady Hesketh, and removed to the neighbouring village of Weston, where he lived for ten years and wrote his poetical translation of Homer and some occasional poems, including that printed here. In his last years his intellect was again clouded.

Cowper occupies a position of great importance in the history of poetry because his poems illustrate the change of style, thought and attitude to man and nature which was taking place in the last half of the eighteenth century. While his first volume employed the formal metre and satirical and moral treatment of his subjects which was conventional in the days of Pope, his second, containing *The Task*, and later poems, employs a greater variety of metres, and describes the scenery and life of the country (as contrasted with the town-life which Pope and his contemporaries handled) with a minuteness, fidelity and sympathy as great as Wordsworth displays. Cowper's sympathy with nature included all that lived on God's earth, animal or human. He

was very fond of animals, kept dogs and hares as pets and protested against the cruelty of sport. He writes equally strongly on behalf of his distressed fellow-men and thus begins that 'enthusiasm for humanity' which inspired the later and more revolutionary poets Burns, Byron and Shelley.

This poem was written in the happiest period of Cowper's life, and in the intervals of translating Homer. "Occasional verses on public events, or incidents arising in his own little circle, took up some portion of his time. These he was fond of writing, seeing and partaking in the pleasure they gave to the persons to whom they were addressed, and to those acquainted with the circumstances that gave rise to them." (Southey: Life of Cowper, p. 321).

Cowper added the words "No Fable" to the title of this poem because it narrated an actual incident. He tells the story in the following extract from his letters to his friend Lady Hesketh.

"I must tell you a feat of my dog Beau. Walking by the river-side, I observed some water-lilies floating at a little distance from the bank. They are a large white flower, with an orange-coloured eye, very beautiful. I had a desire to gather one, and having your long cane in my hand, by the help of it endeavoured to bring one of them within my reach. But the attempt proved vain and I walked forward. Beau had all the while observed me very

attentively. Returning soon after towards the same place, I observed him plunge into the river, while I was about forty yards distant from him; and, when I had nearly reached the spot, he swam to land with a lily in his mouth, which he came and laid at my foot." (June 27, 1788).

Metre. Compare that of Nos. 2 and 3.

1. 1, *noon was shady*, it was a cool midday, the sun shaded by cloud; *airs*, light breezes.

1. 2, *Ouse*, a river winding sluggishly through the flat meadows of Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire.

tide, course, flow. The river is not subject to the tides of the sea at Olney.

1. 4, *his side*, the Ouse's bank.

1. 5, *spaniel*, a dog with long, silky and curly coat and soft drooping ears, long and broad: one breed called water-spaniel is a strong swimmer and is much used in the pursuit of water-fowl. The spaniel is very good-tempered, affectionate and intelligent, and makes an excellent pet, companion or hunting dog.

1. 6, *high in pedigree*, sprung from a long series of well-bred ancestors.

1. 7, *nymphs*, maidens. A nymph meant originally a beautiful feminine spirit or deity dwelling in river or sea, mountain or tree, in the existence of which the Greeks and Romans believed. Latin poetry often describes the love affairs of these spirits, and English poetry

among other imitations of the Greeks and Romans has borrowed the term nymph for not only spirits but any mortal maiden that could reasonably be compared to such in beauty or lightness. In the eighteenth century it had become almost a habit for poets to speak of women in this way. The two 'nymphs' alluded to were daughters of Sir Robert Gunning. They had procured the puppy from a farmer.

1. 9, *wantoned*, sported, frolicked: the past tense of an intransitive verb. The construction is 'My spaniel at one moment lost to sight, wantoned or amused himself in the reeds, at another starting into sight, pursued,' etc.
1. 14, *blown*, blossomed, in full-flower. For the lilies see Cowper's letter quoted above.
1. 15, *intent*. Adjective for adverb 'intently.'
1. 21, *Beau*, the name of the dog. A French word for beautiful.
1. 22, *considerate*, thoughtful.
1. 24, *the case*, the situation, what I was trying to do.
1. 25, *chirrup*, a whistling noise. The same word as chirp, the noise of a small bird.
1. 26, *dispersing*, etc., distracting the dog's attention.
1. 31, *wreath*, cluster or circle of water-lilies.
1. 33, *cropped*, plucked with his teeth.

- l. 39, *mortify*, humble or humiliate the pride of man in the superiority of the human over the animal race. The dog has done what a man could not and the narration of his achievement, the poet says with humorous exaggeration, will prove that man's boasted superiority over animals is unfounded.
- l. 41, *chief*. Adjective for adverb; chiefly or especially; *enjoin*, instruct. Above all he will himself take a lesson from the dog's promptness to assist in fulfilling his master's desires and will learn to be always quick to obey the summons to duty and to show a loving obedience to God, the source of all his happiness.

17. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

T. Campbell. See introductory note to No. 4.

The Soldier's Dream, though completed in 1804, was begun at the same time as *Hohenlinden*, during Campbell's visit to Germany in 1800; and was probably suggested by what he then witnessed of the Napoleonic wars. Like *Hohenlinden* and Southey's *Blenheim* it is prompted by reflection on the sufferings which war entails and gives pathetic expression to the war-worn soldier's yearning for the fruitful and innocent labours, the quiet joys and warm affections, of home and family life, amid the destructive forces, the heart-rending cruelties and savage hatreds of warfare. It is a poem of strong contrasts: the peace

that reigns over the battlefield is brought only by the darkness of night, sheer weariness and deadly wounds; the stars look down on the bloodstained harvest of death and from very pity for exhausted man take up the duty of watch and ward; even the dead are not safe from the savage beasts that follow in war's track; and the sleeper's rest is broken by heart-rending visions. But over the scene in the soldier's dream rests the peace of beneficent industry and family affection; the sun lights up the ripened crops and grazing flocks; man reaps the fruit of his labour and earth's creative powers and sings the while; the ties of love and friendship are knit together anew, and the weary and war-worn soldier finds rest at last.

Metre. Compare that of Nos. 6 and 8. Saintsbury (History of Prosody, III. 91) speaks of "the rocking-horse movement which after the first splendid stanza, infests the "Soldier's Dream." The monotonous up-and-down movement of the rhythm to which he alludes is a weakness to which the anapæstic metre is liable unless it is guarded against by modulating the rhythm by means of varied pauses, and the changes of intonation necessitated by the meaning or the action described.

1. 1, *sang truce*, gave the welcome signal for a cessation of fighting; 'sang' seems to suggest a music that was pleasant and welcome to the weary soldiers.

night-cloud, the darkness of night, not a clouded night, since the stars were visible.

had lowered, had become black and threatening. The rhyme shows this is the verb *to lour* or *lower*, look dark or frown, not *to lower*, to let down or fall.

- l. 2, *sentinel stars*, etc., took up their stations in the sky on guard over the earth. The metaphor implies that the stars are as it were the sentinels of the forces of light. They keep watch till the sun returns.
- l. 3. *overpowered*, by fatigue or wounds.
- l. 5, *pallet*, mean, poor bed.
- l. 6, *wolf-scaring*, frightening the wolves from devouring the dead bodies.
- l. 7, *dead of the night*, the period of most deathlike quiet. Cf. *Hohenlinden*, No. 4, l. 6.
- l. 9, *Methought*, it seemed to me. 'Me' is the old dative of the personal pronoun, and 'thought' an old impersonal verb meaning 'it seemed.' So 'meseems', 'him listed' (it was pleasing to him).
- l. 10, *track*, road.
- l. 12, *that*. A relative pronoun having 'home' for its antecedent.
fathers, ancestors.
- l. 14. *life's morning march*, youth. *bosom*, heart and the emotions associated with it. He means 'when he was filled with the desires, sentiments and enthusiasm of youth.'

- l. 15, *aloft*, on the mountain-side above him.
- l. 16, *strain*, song. The melancholy sweetness of the harvesters' song is described in Wordsworth's poem, *The Solitary Reaper* and in Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion* (III. 9).
- The air he chose was wild and sad ;
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains the ripen'd ear.
- l. 17, *pledged the wine-cup*, drank from the same cup as a pledge of affection. The phrase originates from the old custom of drinking from a cup and handing it to another as a security against poison or treachery and a pledge or guarantee of good will.
- l. 20, *fulness of heart*, the strength of her varying emotions.
- l. 22, *fain*, glad, desirous.

18. YUSSOUF

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), American poet, critic, essay writer, wit and diplomatist. A considerable portion of Lowell's poetry has reference to the political and moral problems of his country, themes to which he was directed by the influence of his wife. *The Biglow Papers* are the best known of these, being a series of poems in the Yankee dialect on the Mexican war. More generally popular are his

poems suggested by or connected with the romantic Arthurian Legends, such as *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and *A Legend of Brittany*, but even in these the moral point of view is very obvious.

Metre. A stanza of six five-foot lines, the first four rhyming alternately and the last two forming a rhymed couplet. The feet are iambic. This stanza is an old one, employed among others by Spenser, (e.g., *The Tears of the Muses*, and *Shepherd's Calendar*, January and December). It has this advantage over the ordinary quatrain (four-lined stanza) that it affords more room for the development of the thought in the stanzaic paragraph and at the same time allows the poet to sum up and state the thought of the stanza with the terse force and quickly recurring rhyme of a couplet.

1. 3, *the bow of power*, the forces of one who has authority. The phrase is not necessarily metaphorical, as there may be a reference to a force of archers: 'power' is abstract for the concrete 'those having power.'
1. 4, *hath not where*, hath not a refuge (shelter) such that he can rest in safety. 'Where' is a relative conjunction: cp. the words of Christ, "The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." (St. Math. 8, 20.)
1. 7, *but no more*, but mine no more than it is God's.

1. 9, *partake*, for part-take, i.e., take a part or share of.
1. 10, *as I of His*, as I freely partake by day and night of all the stores of wealth within God's Tabernacle (tent) of the world. The sky is compared to the roof of a tent.
1. 12, *heard Nay*, i.e., God never refused mercy and charity to sinners and the distressed.
1. 16, *prying.....bold*, before the daylight grows strong enough to reveal your presence and identity. To pry is to search inquisitively into, with a possible view to robbery. Day is personified as one who searches into and plunders the secrets of the Night.
1. 17, *one lamp*. As you can kindle a second lamp from the flame of another without diminishing the light of the first, so generous action kindles or excites generosity in the recipient of favours and prompts him to grateful action. But a display of gratitude increases rather than diminishes the original stream of generosity. So Yussouf's kindness inspires the stranger to confess the wrong he had formerly done to Yussouf; but his confession does not anger Yussouf, but fills him with thankfulness that his sinful longing for revenge can now be appeased, not by the death of the murderer but by the nobler way of returning to an enemy good for evil.

1. 19, *inward light*, the light or expression of noble resolve to conquer self.
1. 20, *self-conquest*. The stranger has overcome his natural shrinking from confession of his crime and his natural fear of the consequences of revealing himself to one whom he has injured. The antecedent of 'which' is 'light': the separation of relative and antecedent, is awkward however necessary for the rhyme.
1. 23, *I will repay*, i.e., not the gold but the kindness; and not with money but by confession.
1. 27, *my one black thought*, the thought of revenge.
1. 29, *balanced, etc.* Yussouf has hitherto rebelled at what he thought the injustice of God in allowing his eldest son to be murdered and the murderer to escape. But now he sees that God balances the account of wrong and right with absolute exactness and justice. For God has caused misfortune to pursue the murderer till he has been reduced to seeking safety and his very life from the man he has wronged. Yussouf now enjoys that noblest and most satisfying of all revenges, pardoning and befriending the wrong-doer.

19. THE PARROT

Thomas Campbell. See introductory note to No. 4. Like Carlyle and other Scotch students whose parents were poor, Campbell was compelled to add

to his resources for his University studies by taking tutorships in his vacations. In 1795 he accepted the post of tutor to the child of a namesake who lived at Sunipol, on the northern shores of the island of Mull, on the west coast of Scotland. Travelling thither through the West Highlands on foot and crossing by ferry the Sound of Mull to Tobermory in Mull, Campbell gathered impressions of Highland scenery and made acquaintance with Highland legend which his five months stay in Mull increased. He paid visits to historical Iona, basaltic Staffa, and barren Ulva. "To this short residence in Mull," says Mr. Allingham, "and to the military scenes which came before him when he first visited the continent, may be traced nearly all the poetic imagery and many of the themes of Campbell's poetry. . . . Campbell appears to have fully furnished his mental house in this early period, and afterwards added or altered as little as possible." As *Hohenlin-den* and *The Soldier's Dream* were products of the visits to Germany, so *Lord Ullin's Daughter* and *The Parrot* were suggested by the visit to Mull.

When the Spanish Armada attempted the conquest of England in the reign of Elizabeth, it was finally dispersed by storms which carried some of the Spanish ships round the north of Scotland. One of these ships, the *Florida*, was sunk in Tobermory Bay, and the treasures it is supposed to have contained are still being sought for. It was perhaps on that

occasion that the Spanish parrot was taken, its story being handed down till it came to Campbell's ears. The poet prefixes the following note to the poem. "The following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged."

The poem may be regarded as an illustration of the widening of human sympathies which is evident in the poetry of Campbell's time. Men, and poets in particular, learnt to feel the ties that link together not only all classes of men but even man and beast. It was the age when the education of the poor began, charity was organised, laws were passed to protect women and children, slavery was condemned, the severity of legal punishments was relaxed. This development of sympathy and sentiment extended even to animals, and called forth poems such as this and Cowper's *Epitaph on a Hare* and Burn's *To a Mouse*.

Metre. Compare with that of No. 7.

- l. 1, *affections*, capacity to feel love, pain, pity and other emotions.
- l. 3, *exclusively*, to the exclusion of other living beings, solely.
- l. 5, *Spanish Main*, the Carribean sea, which lies on the east side of Central America. 'Main' means chief or high sea, i.e., ocean. It was

called Spanish because the Spanish claimed the exclusive right to trade therein, having been the first to colonise or conquer the islands and shores of that sea. The phrase is often used also of the South American mainland.

- l. 6, *Full*, quite.
- l. 7, *bleak domain*, colourless and cold region. Note the contrast of the bird's bright plumage and the colourless shores. Bleak seems to be connected etymologically with bleach, to whiten.
- l. 8, *Mulla*, A poetic form of Mull, a large island on the west coast of Scotland.
- l. 9, *spicy groves*, sweet-scented forests.
- l. 11, *native*, belonging to the country in which he was born.
- l. 12, *adieu* farewell : French, literally 'To God.'
- l. 13, *smoke of turf*, peat-smoke. In Scotland and Ireland owing to a deficiency of firewood the peasants burn clods of half-decomposed and carbonised vegetable matter that is found in marshy places and is called peat.
- l. 14, *heathery*, covered with heather, the small shrub with purple flowers that covers the mountain sides and moors. See No. 22, l. 12.
- l. 17, *petted*, cared for affectionately.
- l. 25, *hailed*, addressed.

20. THE VICTIM

Lord Tennyson—See Introductory note to No. 13.

Tennyson says that he took the story of this poem from Charlotte Yonge's *Book of Golden Deeds* and made it Scandinavian.

The poem represents the terrible dilemma of a prince distracted by his faith in God, his duty to his subjects and his affection for his wife and only child. Religion and duty make him submit to the sacrifice demanded of him but he has the further trial of deciding whether the sacrifice of wife or son is the greater. Should he say the former, then his wife's affection for her son will make her substitute herself. Should he say the latter she might accuse him of want of love for her, and cruelty to his child. He at first takes refuge in accepting the decision of circumstances: the Priests have taken his son. But the truth reveals itself when he tries to intercept his wife in her self-sacrifice. The Gods have forced his hand and exacted at once the greater sacrifice of the wife and his own admission.

In this poem, and to a still greater degree in *Rizpah*, Tennyson has illustrated mother-love in its sublimest and most tragic moment, in the sacrifice of all that it holds dearest for the sake of its child.

Metre. Each stanza is composed of an octave (group of eight lines) of four-foot lines followed by five or more two-foot lines. In the octave the

- l. 8, *Thor*, the Scandinavian god of Thunder : the name is preserved in Thursday.

Odin the chief of the Scandinavian gods : the name is preserved in Wednesday or day of Woden or Odin.

- l. 13, *were it*. If the life which you demand *were* that of our nearest kinsman, we should nevertheless give it to you. For *were it* might be substituted *if it should be*. The present *we give* is put for the conditional *we should give* for the sake of emphasis.
- l. 20, *turned and whitened*. Turned on their side and lay on the surface, whitening it with their dead bodies,
- l. 22, *in a furrow scathed*, amid the burnt crops.
- l. 23, *ay*, always,
- l. 24, *it seemed*, to the Priests. There was some sign which they thus interpreted.
- l. 30, *heath*, a flat, waste tract of land, generally overgrown with a low-growing bush of the same name.
- l. 35, *still*, constantly,
- l. 37, *due*, appropriate, because of his beauty.
- l. 48, *lea*, meadow, grass land.
- l. 58, *stayed*, supported,

21. LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

Sir Walter Scott. See above, No. 8.

In the year 1816, Scott's son-in-law and biographer Lockhart tells us, the poet's friend, Daniel Terry

produced at the theatre a successful play called "Guy Mannering." This play was a dramatisation of the poet's second novel and Lockhart says that the poet had assisted to modify the plot and re-arrange the dialogue of the novel to convert it to a drama. He also introduced into the play "the pretty song of the Lullaby," which Scott appears to have written before but which is not in the novel. As Scott had published the novel anonymously and been at some pains to conceal his authorship he was somewhat afraid lest the drama would betray him, especially as it contained this song, copies of which he had already given to other people and acknowledged as his own composition. But the song does not seem to have supplied the public with the key to the authorship of the novels.

Scott always views the Highlands and the Highlanders through the glamour of chivalrous romance and this song seems to summon up round the little chieftain all the elements that characterise the romance of the *Lady of the Lake*, knights and bright and lovely dames, woods and tower-crowned glens, the steady tramp of the warder on the "battled tower," the summons of the bugle, the rattling of arrows and clashing of blood-stained swords, the loyalty to death of clansmen for their chieftain. Compare the Introduction to Canto III of the *Lady of the Lake*.

Metre. Anapæstic four-foot lines rhymed in couplets. Compare No. 6.

Lullaby, a song to soothe a child to sleep, from 'lull,' to soothe, a word imitative of soothing sounds, and 'by,' a nursery word for sleep as in 'hushaby', 'bye-bye.'

1. 1, *sirc*, father. Except in poetry or imitations of old English the word is now used only of animals.

1. 2, *lady*, wife of a knight.
bright, of lively character and quick intelligence.

1. 3, *glens*, a Scottish word for valleys.

1. 5, *O ho ro, i ri ri*. These words are probably meaningless sounds to accompany the music and lull the child to sleep. The words "cadul gu lo" appear to be Gaelic, the language of the Highlanders of northern Scotland. Scott translates them "Sleep on till day."

1. 7, *warders*, sentinels, those on guard.

1. 9, *bended*, in the act of firing. In modern English more usually 'bent.'

red, with the blood of the foemen.

1. 12, *the time will soon come*, childhood will soon pass and the stern realities and strife of manhood be soon upon thee.

22. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

T. Campbell, See Introductory notes to Nos. 19 and 4.

This poem, conceived, if not begun, during Campbell's visit to Mull in 1795 was finished in London and published in 1804. Its merits are well put by Mr. Allingham "The subject is simple and interesting, the situation dramatic, the scenery grand, the crisis pathetic; we pity all—the lovers, the father, and not least, the brave ferryman. The treatment is broad, concise and direct; the language at once natural and vigorous." The simplicity and interest of the subject are obvious for it is one of the commonest subjects of romance and life—an elopement. Scott's poem of *Lochinvar* deals with exactly the same subject and in both the reader's sympathy is with the runaways: but the tragic end of Lord Ullin's daughter causes our sympathy to extend to the father, while *Lochinvar's* pursuers incur the ridicule and contempt which failure and the faults of the defeated rival naturally excite. The difference between the two poems is the difference between tragedy and romantic comedy. In both, the heroes are knightly and noble but fate and the elements conspire to defeat one. In *Lochinvar* the drama is worked out from beginning to end, in *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, the crisis or turning-point only is shown. In the former the action is swifter because there was much to be accomplished. In the latter the human action is interrupted by the swift march of the storm, which brings on the catastrophe with an appalling speed. In the former we ride too hurriedly with *Lochinvar* to catch more

than a glimpse of the scenery. In the latter as we wait on the shore or sit in the boat with the run-aways we have time to take in the chief features of the stormy scene, the dark waters and white-topped waves, the shrieking wind and scowling sky, the boat tossing helpless on the waters, the motionless figure of the father standing helpless on the shore.

Metre. The Common Ballad Measure of two four-foot and two three-foot lines alternately, rhyming alternately. The feet are iambic. The even lines have a double rhyme with an extra syllable giving the effect of a trochaic ending, *e.g.*, 'water' and 'daughter.'

1. 1, *Highlands*, the northern, mountainous part of Scotland.

bound, travelling towards. The word in this sense is derived from an old past participle meaning 'got ready,' 'prepared,' hence 'starting for' or 'having started for' a place.

1. 2, *tarry*, delay to appear; a word now used in literature rather than conversation.

1. 3, *silver pound*, a pound in silver money.

1. 4, *o'er the ferry*, over the strip of water at the crossing-place.

1. 5, *who be ye*. In English down to and including the time of Shakespeare there were two forms of the verb 'to be' in use, derived from different roots, *viz.*, the present tense *am*, *art*, *is*, *are*, as at present; and *be*, *beest*, *be*,

be or *ben*. The second form has gone out of use now, except in the subjunctive present and in language imitating old forms.

Lochgyle. Loch is a Gaelic word for a lake or (as here) a narrow land-enclosed arm of the sea. Lochgyle is said by Mr. Allingham to be a branch of Loch Long, but this is remote from Mull and Ulva. Campbell probably meant Loch na Keal, an inlet which nearly divides the island of Mull in two. It would be necessary to cross it in passing from Mull to Ulva.

- l. 6, *This water*. These words are in apposition to *Lochgyle*, describing its appearance at that time.
- l. 7, *Ulva's isle*, a small island on the west side of Mull which is itself a large island on the west of Scotland, separated from the mainland by the sound (*i.e.*, strait) of Mull.
- l. 11, *glen*, a narrow valley.
- l. 12, *heather*, a small shrub growing thickly to the height of about one foot on the hill-sides and open wild places in most parts of northern Scotland. It has a small flower, and when in bloom gives the hill-sides a purple hue.
- l. 13, *hard*, strenuously; an adverb qualifying 'ride': or (2), an adverb qualifying 'behind' and meaning 'close.'

- l. 15, *bonny*, pretty ; a word now in more common use among the Scotch than the English: *cheer*, means 'comfort.'
- l. 17, *hardy*, accustomed to endure danger or toil.

wight, man. An old English word now used only in that poetry or prose which imitates the language of the past.
- l. 20, *winsome*, charming, attractive. The suffix 'some' is joined to nouns and adjectives with the sense of 'adapted to' *e.g.*, handsome (= adapted to the hand, of good shape or figure) : to verbs, with the sense of 'apt to' *e.g.*, tiresome.
- l. 21, *by my word*, as surely as my word is to be believed, with the certainty that always attaches to what I promise. Cp. 'by God.'

bird, maiden or bride. The word is fairly common in this sense in old poems and ballads and seems to be a transposition of *brid* or *bride*.
- l. 23, *raging white*. The adjective describes the effect of the participle; raging so as to be white.
- l. 25, *apace*, swiftly. A word more common in literature than conversation.
- l. 26, *water-wraith*, water-spirit, or ghost, the appearance of which foretells death or disaster to the person who sees it. Belief in

such spirits was common in Scotland. Those spirits which dwelt in streams and rivers were called Kelpies and were supposed to be very malignant. They often appeared in various forms, always foreboding evil.

- l. 27, *scowl af heaven*, beneath the lowering (threatening) clouds.
- l. 30, *drearer*, more drear or gloomy.
- l. 31, *adown*, downward from (or through): in its origin the word means 'from (off) the hill': it is only used in poetry or imitations of old English.
- l. 39, *for human hand*, too strong for human hands to row against.
- l. 42, *fast prevailing*, rapidly gaining the upper hand, becoming too strong and turbulent for the boat to float.
- l. 43, *Lord Ullin reached*. For the sake of conciseness the conjunctions are omitted; e.g., we may supply here, 'So that when Lord Ullin reached.' Cp. line 32, where 'and' is to be supplied.
- l. 45. *sore*, adverb, 'much,' 'greatly.'
- l. 54, *return*, etc., preventing their return and any attempt on his part to aid.

23. BLACK-EYED SUSAN

John Gay (1685-1732) was a poet who belonged to the association of wits of which Pope and Swift were the leading lights, and to these two he owed much pecuniary and literary assistance. Indeed, all his life Gay was dependent on friends and thereby contrived to procure a succession of snug offices and invitations to stay at aristocratic houses. This patronage Gay won by his obliging nature and the wit and novelty of his poetry. He produced a series of poems, *The Shepherd's Week*, making fun of the fashionable poetry about the loves and lives of shepherds and shepherdesses. He wrote a satirical poem on *The Art of Walking the Streets of London*, and produced *The Beggars' Opera*, a kind of musical comedy satirising society. Most widely read were his poetic *Fables*, written in 1727 for the instruction of the five-year-old Prince William, afterwards Duke of Cumberland, second son of King George II. The story in the majority of these fables is of Gay's own invention, not borrowed from *Æsop*, and though many of them indulge in the satire on society or human nature which was the prevailing note of the poetry of that time, they are mostly well suited for their purpose by the simplicity and liveliness of the narration and the direct applicability of the moral. Apart from the songs in *The Beggars' Opera* Gay only produced two lyric poems, that here printed and another.

Dr. Johnson says of Gay, "Gay is represented as a man easily incited to hope and deeply depressed when his hopes were disappointed. This is not the character of a hero ; but it may naturally imply something more generally welcome, a soft and civil companion. Whoever is apt to hope good from others is diligent to please them." "He was a general favourite of the whole association of wits ; but they regarded him as a playfellow rather than a partner and treated him with more fondness than respect." He quotes Pope, as saying that Gay "was of a timid temper and fearful of giving offence to the great." This character seems to have been generally ascribed to Gay, for Queen Caroline, wife of George II, compared the poet to his own hare in the Fable given in this selection. Gay, indeed, himself made the comparison in the Fable but seems to have intended to suggest thereby that his good nature did not receive an adequate return from his friends. But considering what substantial help and patronage Gay did actually receive, it must be admitted that if there is any ground for the comparison, it lies rather in Gay's timidity and dependence on others.

The song "Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan" is a little old-fashioned in its sentimentality, but this is due in part to the deliberate imitation of the naïve directness with which the old ballads gave expression to emotion. The sentiment

itself rings true and natural and the circumstances that give rise to the sentiment are true to life. Just such a scene forms an episode in Mrs. Gaskell's novel *Mary Barton*, and no doubt might be witnessed on any modern man-of-war.

Metre. A quatrain in ballad long measure of four-foot lines rhyming alternately, followed by a rhymed couplet of five-foot lines. The feet are iambic.

l. 1, *All*, right, wholly; an adverb.

the Downs. That part of the Straits of Dover which lies between the Goodwin Sands and the Dover coast, where there is safe anchorage.

l. 2, *streamers*, flags, signals for setting sail.

l. 3, *black-eyed*, with dark pupils to her eyes.

l. 5, *joyial*, merry; originally it meant born under the favourable influence of the planet Jupiter, which like the Roman god Jove was the source of joy and happiness. The sailor's life is commonly regarded as a merry one, and is so to him who embarks in the spirit of Cunningham's song.

l. 7, *the yard*, the spar fastened horizontally or slanting across the mast to support the sail.

l. 10, *he sighed*. The subject is repeated in the form of a pronoun because so far separated from its verb.

l. 11, *glowing*, hot with the friction on the rope as he slides down it.

- l. 13, *poised*, hovering ; literally suspended.
- l. 14, *pinions*, wings. The lark is a small brown bird that soars high in the air and hovering over its nest in the open field pours forth a continuous stream of sweet song. Wordsworth's poem *To a Skylark* very beautifully describes it.
 Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 The nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
- l. 15, *if chance*, if it chance (happen) that ; compare Shakespeare, *Lear* 2, 4. "How chance the king comes with so small a number?"
- l. 17, *noblest*, most high born.
- l. 20, *vows*, promises of faithful love.
- l. 23, *ye list*, you please. A phrase now reserved for poetry. In old English 'list' was an impersonal verb followed by a dative of the person, so that 'ye list' meant 'it is pleasing to you.' Cp. 'methought' in l. 9 of No. 17.
- l. 24, *compass*. The metaphor would have been more exact if his heart had been compared to the *needle* of the compass. He means, 'as the needle of the compass points ever to the magnetic north, in whatever direction the winds drive the ship, so my heart is ever turned

to thee in whatever direction variable fortune may urge the course of my life.'

1. 27, *They'll tell thee*, alluding to the proverb that a sailor has a sweetheart in every port he visits.
1. 29, *believe them*. By an ingenious turn of its meaning he makes the proverb prove the fidelity of his love. He thinks always of her so that he has *her* only for his sweetheart, whatever port he visits.
1. 32, *in diamonds*. The jewels of India attract him only because they remind him of her bright eyes.
1. 33, *Afric's spicy gale*, sweet as the breezes of Africa, scented with spice. The form 'Afric' is permissible only in poetry.
1. 36, *wakes in my soul*, calls to memory. *Charm*, charming point of beauty.
1. 41, *balls*, shot.
1. 43, *boatswain*, serang, petty officer in command of a gang of sailors. Pronounce *bōsān*.
1. 44, *swelling bosom*, white surface filled and rounded out with the wind.
1. 47, *lessening*, diminishing to view as she grows more distant.

unwilling rows, is rowed unwillingly. The active for the passive in order to personify the boat and attribute to it a share in the grief of its occupant.

24. THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

R. Southey. See note to No. 5.

Southey prefixes to this ballad a number of extracts from ancient writers. From Fuller (died 1661) he quotes, "I know not whether it be worth reporting that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a Well, arched over with the robes [? roots] of four kinds of trees, withy [willow], oak, elm and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby." From the other extracts it appears that St. Keyne died 490 A.D., that she was the daughter of a Welsh prince, refused all offers of marriage and retired to live the life of an ascetic in a forest haunted by snakes which she miraculously turned to stone—in proof of which spiral stones are shown to this day in that district ! Ultimately she took up her abode on a hill where she miraculously caused a spring to appear to supply her water. After her death this spring was regarded as sacred, though why St. Keyne attached this particular quality to it is not related. Perhaps she thought wedded happiness would be promoted if she gave the weaker of the two an opportunity to strengthen his or her defences against the tyranny of the other.

Metre. Ballad common measure. The feet are very largely anapæstic, but occasionally an iambic line occurs as 'ōn thē | wēll-side | hē rēst | ēd it ' where

slow movement is required (cp. ll. 38 and 42). Line 31 seems not to scan, unless the first foot is intended to contain four syllables, Būt thāt mȳ draught | should bē | thē bēt | tēr fōr thāt.

1. 1, *west country*, south-western England. The well of St. Keyne is in the county of Cornwall.
1. 22, *For an if*, i.e., for, if thou hast a wife, thou hast drunk, etc. 'An if' is a strengthened form of 'if,' 'an' meaning the same as 'if,' In the English of Chaucer's time and later the conjunction 'and' was often used for 'if,' e.g., Chaucer writes "For *and* I should reckon every vice which she hath, I wis I were too nice." The double form was also used with 'but,' e.g., St. Luke, "But and if that servant say."
1. 25, *good woman*, wife.
1. 27, *venture*, wager.
1. 36, *laid on the water a spell*, pronounced an incantation, or magical form of words, giving to the waters a supernatural power.
1. 45, *I warrant*, I do not doubt. Literally I guarantee, or affirm for truth.

betimes, in good time, before it was too late. Originally a prepositional phrase, 'by time,' meaning 'in time,' then converted into an adverb by addition of the adverbial genitive suffix 's' which we see in 'needs.'

l. 48, *sheepishly*, with a foolish embarrassed manner.

l. 50, *porch*, entrance of the church at the altar of which the wedding ceremony takes place.

25. THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS

John Gay. See No. 23.

Metre. Four-foot (octosyllabic) rhyming couplets ; the sense and construction sometimes overflowing from one couplet to another. The feet are iambic.

l. 1, *civil*, polite, obliging.

l. 2, *complied*, acted in accordance with others' wishes.

like Gay. A humorous allusion to his own good-nature. See the account of Gay prefixed to the notes on No. 23.

l. 3, *bestial train*, race of beasts.

l. 10, *deep-mouthed thunder*, deep baying or barking of the hounds. This and 'bestial train' are instances of the habit of eighteenth century poets of describing common and concrete things by allusion to their abstract qualities.

l. 13, *doubles*, turns sharply back along the way by which she came.

l. 14, *measures back*, etc., retraces her winding course.

l. 17, *transport*, joy.

1. 21, *feet betray*, my feet leave a scent by which the hounds track my course.
1. 23, *puss*, a kind of proper name for a hare common with sportsmen. The horse leaves the burden of friendship for others to bear.
1. 31, *pretend*, claim the right.
1. 32, *take the freedom*, etc., leave you suddenly, without ceremony, knowing that as a friend you will appreciate the urgency of my reason. The bull exercises the privileges, when he should remember the duties, of friendship.
1. 34, *barley-mow*, stack of cut barley.
1. 35, *in the case*, concerned in the matter.
1. 39, *remarked*, here seems to mean 'observed' in the sense both of noticing and of commenting on. The construction is double: "remarked that her pulse was high, and remarked her languid head," etc.
her, the hare's. The goat comments on the hare's distress with the sympathy of a friend and uses that sympathy as an excuse for not aiding.
1. 45, *his fears*. The sheep's friendship confessedly is not strong enough to stand the test of real danger.
1. 49, *tender age*. Youth is generally the age when friendship is generous, confident and self-

sacrificing. Here it is urged as a plea for shirking responsibilities.

- l. 51, *older and abler*, those who are older and abler than I. '
- l. 55, *my heart*, my feelings, affection for you.



